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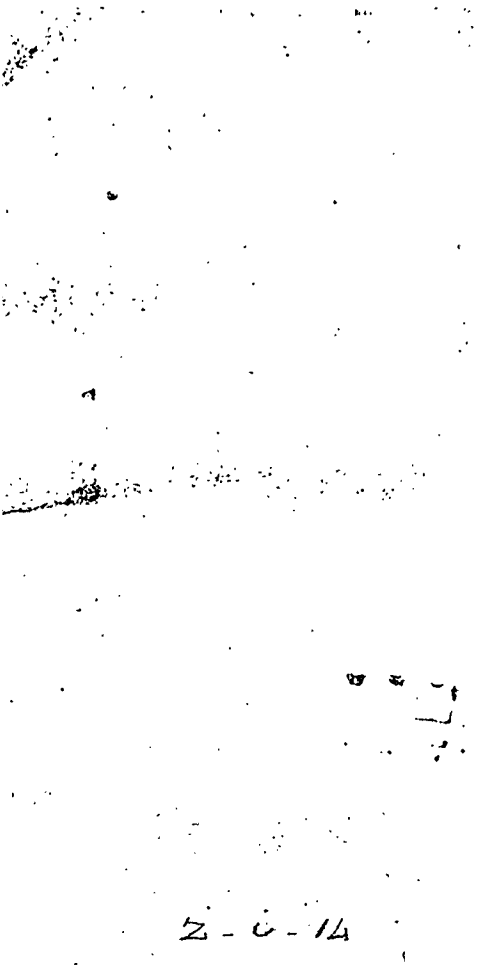

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MY NOTE BOOK.

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By JOHN MACGREGOR, Esq.

AUTHOR OF 'BRITISH AMERICA,'

ETC. ETC.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

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THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATER-NOSTER-ROW

TO

SISMONDE DE SISMONDI,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED

WITH SINCERE REGARD,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Paris, 20th November, 1835.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE volumes consist of what the title page indicates—"My Note Book," kept on *the Continent of Europe, with* no other alteration, than expunging a great body of detailed matter, and compressing in the form of "Notes to the Note Book," official details of the commerce, finances, and especially of the state of public instruction *in* Germany, Switzerland, and the Low *Countries.*

The object of the author in separating the official statistics from the body of the work, and classing them separately at the

L'AVANT COURRIER.

"GUIDE BOOKS," said I to myself, as I was bundling up a half dozen of those precious text-books, while floating down the Thames in a magnificent steamer—"Guide Books," said I outright, "are no doubt very useful, but certainly they are very dull books."

"*No doubt of it,*" replied one of the most social faces in the world, who sat opposite me. He was an old friend, who once crossed the Atlantic in the same packet with myself,

There are many who will, I dare say, recollect him; for Fergus Dalrymple, commander in the Royal Navy, notwithstanding his loss of a limb, and besides other disappointments, having been put, at the peace, on half-pay, has always been as brave an officer, and as good-hearted a gentleman, as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war. We had not met for years, and in the course of a long conversation; he gave *the* following sketch of himself:—

"From the hour," said he, "that I first bade adieu to my mother's threshold, to the present day, predestination, or some equally obscure cause, has made me a wanderer.

"At the blythe age of seventeen I walked forth full of joyous hope, and empty of every particle of what constitutes the apprehension of disappointment.

end of the third volume, was to render the text (which is printed as written under the impressions formed on the spot) more entertaining to the general reader.

divinity; and my mother, who was born soon after nervous maladies came into fashion, would have me learn to bleed, blister, and pound rhubarb, or some such purgative.

"I however lived at that time on much more savoury food. I had another uncle who was a renowned discoverer and traveller. He published his journals; and his adventures among red and dog-ribbed Indians,—Chepeweyans, and Esquimeaux, set my adventurous spirit fairly agog. I hated Divinity—especially the Mother's Catechism, and all shades of holy cross-questioning; the pestle, mortar, lancet, and dissecting-room I abhorred; nor has the latter antipathy yet ceased, for I have never, although often advised the contrary, taken a dose of physic, or submitted to be bled or blistered, during my tolerably long life; and yet I have never had

" But, strange as it may now appear, I was then in every meaning of the saying, a green-horn. I had scarcely ever been in what is termed company, and when shoved or dragged into the presence of strangers, I was timid and ashamed of my manners — in fact, I was a booby. Yet I did not exactly want confidence, for I had a current of waywardness dancing *through* my disposition, that neither my mother, nor grandmother, nor an uncle, learned in jurisprudence, could subdue. They severally wished to educate, that is, train me, according to their respective predilections. My uncle would have me read sapless law books for twelve hours a day; my grandmother, good, pious, kirk-going woman, was inconsolable at my having no yearning for such books, as " Boston's four-fold State," and other endless volumes of foggy

a head-ache or an indigestion. Law-books, law, and the whole race of *black-sharks*, I, from the first, and ever since, have not without reason held in abomination. A sly smooth-spoken parson crossed me in my only love fit, and a fiend of an attorney by involving me in a chancery suit, robbed me of a legacy.

" Robinson Crusoe was my first favourite—*I fed* on it, slept on it, dreamt of it. Don Quixote and Gil Blas added irresistible fuel to the fire of my errant flame. Roderick Random and My Uncle's Adventures carried me in fancy over oceans and worlds. Whether predestination, therefore, or my loving the *aforesaid* books, loathing physic, hating divinity, and abhorring law, may have made me the wanderer that for more than thirty years I have been, it is of no consequence to deter-

mine. Be it sufficient to say, that I have travelled much by sea and by land; that I have crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic and other great oceans; slept on the banks of rivers, and in the forest with mickmacks and mohawks; floated in a white canoe on "Uttawas tide;" scoured in magnificent steam-ships over the mighty St. Lawrence, the majestic Hudson, and the vast Ontario; crossed the Alleghaneys, and admired and re-admired the stupendous, unparalleled Niagara; floated on the Mediterranean, and coasted the principal shores of Europe; wandered over the United Kingdom, and made excursions to the most interesting parts of the Continent. Yet I am not satiated with travelling. The jostling of the world has long since subdued the booby, and experience has, for half a life, enabled me to make my

journeys a pleasure, and by no means a task. Let it not be supposed that I have no home, for my winter head-quarters are London or Paris; in each of which I have secured, by merely prudent economy, a comfortable nook, with a little library attached:—and furthermore, for fully half the year, I love to dwell amidst the "full tide of human existence.'

"Although determined and firm in asserting what is properly my right, I am never disposed to quarrel with men or things; of all that comes in my way I make the best. In doing so consists my "greatest happiness principle;" and merely by carrying this disposition *always about*, and *along* with me, it seems (to others) wonderful how smoothly and happily I glide over the road of life.

"Next summer I have in contemplation

making a peregrination, either through FRANCE or BELGIUM; or perhaps by way of HOLLAND, to the RHINE, the *springs* and *hills* of NASSAU, and the *mountains*, *glaciers* and *lakes* of SWITZERLAND and SAVOY; all of which I have already more than once seen; and, meantime, in order to amuse myself, and instruct all future travellers and their fireside friends at home, I shall write, and then print, my plan of *travelling*, according to the best of my judgment, and my well known, ample experience.

"That I shall have multitudes of fellow-travellers of every shade of disposition, temper, intellect, and fortune, there can be little doubt. I shall, therefore, state in a true and entertaining manner what we, in all probability, will see, hear, and encounter; with all useful information and advice relative to *roads*, *dis-*

tances, facilities, obstacles, conveyances, couriers, postillions, passports, police, and post-office; monies, expenses, hotels, baths, balls, black-legs, and gambling-houses; fellow-travellers and prominent characters; cookery, and mineral waters; rivers and ruins; mineralogy, geology, and forests; lakes, mountains, and glaciers; manners of the people, their religion, schools, government, and great men.

" As I intend, therefore, making my book as amusing and useful to all stay-at-home and go-abroad travellers, as Mrs. Rundell's cookery book is to all good housewives and *gastronomes*, I expect that my peregrination will supersede those *dull things*, called Guide Books. My great end is to make travellers happy with themselves, with what they see, and with others; and to show them as far as I know how, for

their own comfort, they can make the best of all they meet with, different to what they have been previously accustomed. If I fail, burn my peregrinations, and persuade your friends neither to read nor pay for it."

"In the same spirit and temper," said I, "but certainly not in like detail, shall I write MY NOTE BOOK."

MY NOTE BOOK.

LONDON TO BOULOGNE.

HAVING made a few necessary preparations for an excursion, of at least a year's duration, over the Continent, with a view to examine the state of men and things, I left London, accompanied by my wife, on the 8th day of July, 1833.*

I had during the preceding year travelled over a great part of, and visited some of the principal sea-ports and seats of industry in France. The

* I have always found comfort and economy in travelling with no article but what was perfectly necessary, and purchasing as I went along whatever was required for actual use. All requisite articles may be procured at every town, unless such books as one's pursuits require be an exception.

march of the French army into Belgium prevented my proceeding as I had intended, at that time, into Holland — a country formerly considered so important and interesting, that it was laid down as that of all others which an Englishman should first travel over; and the institutions, establishments, commerce and policy of which as those with which he should be the most thoroughly acquainted.

We embarked at St. Katherine's dock on board a steam-boat—the celebrated *Hoy being for* sometime in sad disrepute, and the days for ever gone by when a voyage with adverse winds to and from Margate made a cockney shop-keeper, and even his wife and little ones, adepts in nautical parlance: then it was, that they would talk of "beating" and "tacking" and "scudding"; and "wind abeam" and "abaft" and "ahead"; and "jib-sheet," and "helm-a-lee"; and "jibe-ing"; and "cap-sizing." On their return they would laugh at those destitute of such interesting knowledge; and repeat and boast of their expeditions and exploits during the remainder of their lives. All this was, very naturally,

amusing to them; they were pleased with whatever broke in upon or relieved them from the monotonous diurnal life-long occupation of dusting shops, serving customers, and posting accounts. In the same way do they now talk of steam; but the voyage, reduced to a few hours, is scarcely sufficient to enable them to learn even a cant phrase, and they return with little of the nautical acquirements which they gleaned when the Margate Hoy was in fashion, and the infernal leviathan-like monster, travelling by force of fire and boiling water, undreamed of.

The deck of our steam-packet was rather crowded with passengers: they all seemed greatly pleased with their escape from town: happy in the anticipation of sea-bathing, and wandering over the green fields, or along the shores.

Nor are all their anticipations and their habits of enjoyment surprising. Circumstances alone create peculiarities of ideas, language and amusements. The inhabitants of English cities have little or no recreation in the open air. Their necessities and occupations confine them from dawn

to dark within the ill-ventilated houses of gloomy alleys, or narrow streets; and when the day in seven comes round during which it is commanded, "thou shalt do no work," it is to the poor and industrious a day of gloom, and not of cheerfulness; and to the depraved a day of dissipation and iniquity, not in the free open air and country, but within the pestiferous cells of ale-houses and gin-shops.

It is, therefore, to the expected annual trip to Margate, or other places *to which a Hoy did, and* a steam-boat does, carry them, that they look forward with pleasing delight—with unceasing industry to acquire, and economy to save, the means of defraying the expense of a period that relieves them for a week or month from occupations which allow little rest. The refreshing breeze; the verdant and golden fields,—and, while standing or sitting on the green grass above the chalky cliff, the view of foaming waves rolling over smooth sand, or rocky beach, and of white sails rising and moving in graceful beauty over the bright blue sea, must all, to them, however awkwardly they express their

feelings of enjoyment, be truly invigorating and delightful.

The passengers in our packet consisted chiefly of decent looking trades-people with their wives and children—all clad in their holiday clothes; for none are more conscious than the cockneys of the idea, that to look respectable when away from home is essential to their credit and reputation. The feeling is a right one—nor can we condemn the shopkeeper, who, from the numerous expenses of his trade, the heavy cost of living, and the competition in business, is the most obsequious being on earth to his customers, when we observe him ordering the stewards of the steam-boats, and the waiters at the Margate inns, in the full spirit of absolute authority. He does so knowing he can pay, or in other words reward, them for their services. If he could not, he would be silent and sad. It is the ability to pay, or reward, that animates, that upholds him, that invests him with the assumption of command —with the spirit of independence. How differently is a Frenchman or even an Irishman constituted! No one bears his evils more cheer-

fully than the latter; and the spirits of the former are almost equally discomposed or ardent in his evil, as in his fortunate hours.

The cockneys in their ideas and conversation, are a people *sui generis*. Of all Adam's race none are more limited in the knowledge of things, not used in their occupations; or of customs or places not within the circuit of Bow-bell. To me, however, their very simplicity is instructive; and an expression, for which a sedate looking person who made it was quizzed and laughed at by a brace of exquisites, explained more distinctly than a thousand descriptions that the man who uttered it was, in consequence of the division of employment in labour, one of the millions whose lives, individually, pass away engaged in an occupation which bounds their ideas, their operations, and their scene of action, within the narrowest limit to which man in a state of personal liberty is confined. This, too, in the metropolis, if a Parisian will allow me to say so, of the world, We were at the time I allude to passing swiftly near the edge of those luxuriant crops of reeds and rushes that fringe the Thames;

the cockney gazed on for some time, and then exclaimed, with the utmost *naïveté*, "what fine corn that there is!"

On one side of the quarter-deck sat on a bench some thrifty-looking city dames, no unworthy representatives of the prudent Mrs. John Gilpin: They had by them baskets laden with sandwiches, fruit, cakes, and wine, of which they very generously offered a share to those around them. There were other passengers who interested us: particularly a respectable looking pensive lady, in whose face, care, and very likely anguish, had made numerous, and apparently cruel traces. She had five daughters, genteel in appearance and manners — probably orphans of accomplished education and slender means.

In another place sat a middle-aged man; his nearly thread-bare, well-made, and well-brushed black suit; his clean linen, neat black stock, somewhat worse from use; his well-polished boots, plain neat gloves, closely-shaven beard, well adjusted hair, once fine but now rather more than half-worn beaver, were sufficient evidence to proclaim him a gentleman of better

education and breeding than fortune; while the grave cast, and rather straight furrowings of his face, indicated that care and adversity had not a little troubled him.

Nearly opposite, with body upright, legs forming right angles with each other, was seated a smooth red-faced rotund personage, to whom the steward brought, at no very distant intervals, a bottle of double-brown stout, some biscuit and some cheese; the former he had decanted into a large pewter pot—thirsty soul, he was no idler: the foaming porter dried not on his beard and nose ere he again plunged his mouth and nostrils into the re-filled pot; and the demolition of the cheese and biscuit only ceased with the voyage, nor did he speak but to re-order from the steward.

This animal was a sensualist, whose ambition, ideas, and wishes centred in his belly. You might also observe some calculating persons, sitting two and two, talking in smothered converse. They spoke of Consuls, Rentes, Cortes, Dom Pedro, Rothschild, and the King of Holland. They were, no doubt, gamblers on the Stock-Exchange.

Not far from them was a somewhat tall animal, with hair curled by the barber's tongs, half-coaxed-out moustachios, a drab beaver, swallow-tailed blue coat with gilt buttons, white pantaloons, boots into which were stuck brass spurs, white kid gloves, more than one breast pin with paste brilliants, a gold (?) chain and quizzing glass, a gold-headed cane which he twisted unceasingly between the fingers of one hand, while he held a cigar affectedly between two fingers of the other, —all proclaimed him to be that most insignificant and perhaps useless of God's creatures—the dandy. This animal is peculiar to England. The French in their farces have endeavoured to classify him with the "calico" of Paris. It would not do—they were found not to be of the same genus. While our dandy was twisting his cane, and running his fingers, on which were several rings, from his ears to his forehead beneath carrotty curls, or attitudenizing with his cigar, a sober-looking Ludgate-Hill mercer, whose attention had been fixed for some time on the former, exclaimed "How very funny!"—a Parisian

would have said much the same thing—"Mon Dieu, c'est drôle!"

In sailing down the Thames there is, however, more than the passengers to amuse and instruct. The vast commerce of which this great artery is the inlet and outlet; the multitudes at home and in all foreign countries to which this commerce extends intelligence, employment, and riches; the cares, the hopes, the enterprise, the ingenuity, the rivalry, the good and the evil which the gigantic operations of this boundless commerce involve—form a subject so sublime and magnificent that the mind can scarcely comprehend its mere outlines.

The fleets of colliers alone which supply London with fuel are seen under sail or at anchor in every direction, with their hulls, masts, rigging, sails, and crews so black as to warrant the idea of their being an armament sent forth by Pluto. The steam-boats vomiting dense volumes of curling dark grey smoke, and scouring along in defiance of the united force of the superior and inferior elements, seem also as if despatched from the inferno of Dante.

Then the vast docks, and dock-yards, the hulks, the foreign vessels, the coasters, the long voyage, British shipping, Greenwich, Woolwich, Sheerness, Tilbury, and various other striking objects incessantly rising in the view, are all more than sufficient to interest our attention. Nor is the scene at Margate devoid of the lights and shadows of life. The crowds on the piers; the porters; the coachmen; the place itself, have all characteristics that afford materials for study.

The cockneys generally prefer Margate to Ramsgate. The amusements and those who assemble at the former are consequently in unison with each other; and, however much the west-end loungers may ridicule and sneer at Margate and its visitants, the man of inquiry and reflection, who views men and things as they are, and not according to the ideas and fancies of those frothy beings who float and subsist on the surface and fumes of artificial society, and sneer at all that they assume and lay down as fashion, will form conclusions that truth and experience will bear out, and honestly confess that those places and entertainments are the

best, which, with the least injury to the morals and the health, contribute the most to the amusement and happiness of those who are either residents or visitors. Long, very long, therefore, may the citizens of London have the advantage and means of enjoying Margate and its entertainments.

We crossed over to Ramsgate in a clean comfortable coach, paying a very moderate fare. We remained at this pleasant and very beautifully situated place, enjoying walks amidst the corn-fields of the Isle of Thanet, or wandering over and under the cliffs to Broadstairs, for two days, quite satisfied with our hotel, and every thing else. We travelled by the stage, halting at Sandwich—a Cinque port, with grass growing in the market-place, and scarcely a living being in the streets—in truth, a melancholy town. Can any one tell me what use under Heaven is there for a warden of the Cinque ports for such a mud hole as Sandwich? Far be it from me to intend a reflection on the Duke of Wellington—for, much to his honour, he has, I believe, paid over all the emoluments of the sinecure to the

Treasury for the public benefit. We stopped also for a short time at Deal, and then proceeded over the elevated and fertile country, above and behind the high cliffs that face the coast between the Downs and Dover.

Of all places, I have found Dover the most merciless in charges. Innkeepers, waiters, porters, boatmen, commissioners, fasten on you like leeches, and if you do not escape in haste, they will, as I can aver from experience, sap your very vitals; that is, if we consider money the organ of vitality.

The day being remarkably fine, and a steamboat leaving soon after our arrival for Boulogne, we embarked without delay for France, leaving only two shillings of our money to circulate in Dover.

It blew little more than a light gentle zephyr. The channel was decked with majestic ships, their white sails rising gracefully and loftily above the clear blue sea. Here and there were steam-packets, swiftly pursuing their courses, and spouting out a curling stream of smoke, contracted and black at first, but mellowing and

widening into lighter shades as it formed a tail extending behind as far as vision could follow—how great are the changes and operations which steam power seems destined to effect!

We soon beheld the proud column on the heights of Boulogne, first intended to commemorate Napoleon's impracticable invasion of England, and since then as falsely elevated to commemorate the restoration of a Prince who did little for himself.

On arriving at Boulogne, we observe characteristics that immediately tell us we are not under the government of old England's King. On the left we see a high crucifix with several ghastly figures revolting to the sight and heart. On the Quay we are met by douaniers and police-officers—by little swarthy soldiers in blue coats, ill-dyed red trowsers and white linen gaiters—by vociferous fellows sent from the hotels to bellow forth their respective excellencies and accommodations—by residents and visitors, chiefly English—by clamorous porters, bawling in broken English and vile French—by hardy looking sailors and fishermen—and by grotesquely-

clad, coarse-featured, barefooted, fishermen's wives and daughters. Our nasal organs are, at the same time, assailed by the loathsome effluvia arising from disgusting deposits almost every where round the quays, and from the stinking offal of fish cast into the basin. No sooner do we step on the pier than we are led under escort by the guardians of liberty and revenue, to the douane, there to be examined. This, however, like many other regulations in France, is seldom more than mere form, and always accompanied with the utmost politeness and civility—a practice of which our English Custom-house officers can seldom boast. On reaching our hotel, the beds, the chambers, all differ from those on the opposite shores, and the money you receive for the first few sovereigns or bank-note you change, tells you the eventful history of France since the epoch of monarchical despotism. It is rare, indeed, if you have not among the pieces given, some of those coined from the church bells while Louis XVI was yet living; some of the reign of terror; some of the consulate; some with "Napoleon Empereur" on the one side, and "Repub-

lique Française"on the other ; some with the word " Empire," assuming the place of Republique ; some coined by Louis XVIII in 1814, and by Napoleon in 1815 ; by Charles X, and by Louis Philippe in 1830.

PHILOSOPHY OF STEAM.

STEAM!—vapour, fire, and boiling water, what can philosophy have to do with these—or these with philosophy? more perhaps now-a-days, and in days to come, than with all other elements. Undoubtedly, yes. Steam, in the first place, diminishes one of the heaviest pains and penalties inflicted on the race of original-sinning Adam—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread;" for while it lessens the toils, it multiplies the productions that are useful to mankind. By the measurement of time it reduces the space that separates countries, and by the same rule it lengthens life by calculating its duration according to the number of acts that mark our existence, and not by the days that compose the period of our physical sojourn.

By multiplying the productions of the Press, and by rendering the intercourse of nations easy, frequent, and certain, it forms the most effectual

means of diffusing knowledge, expelling fanaticism and subverting despotism.

Therefore, the tyrants of the human mind, the enemies of liberty, and the withholders of just rights, whether in church or in state, have assuredly cause to fear and tremble, for this tremendous propagator of social intercourse and universal intelligence will utterly destroy their power and their despotism.

BOULOGNE.

When Napoleon threatened us with invasion, the name of Boulogne rang from the "Land's End to John O'Groats"—to Englishmen it has since become better known. In multitudes have the good and the bad, the unfortunate, and the doubtful, resorted to it for the last eighteen years. From a circumstance, not dubious, it has acquired among the Gallic race, the designation of the "King's Bench," and its prison that of the "British Hotel." It must have been this gaol which Sterne's Irish host meant, when he exclaimed, "By Jasus, there's the finest seminary for the *Humanities*!"

How far these terms may be justly applied, I know not. That, not only in this town, but all over the Continent, there are a very great number of persons, spending their incomes, be these much or little, we all know. That many of them have been driven away through the

dread of falling into the fangs of the *black sharks* of society—the low-attorneys, and their *leeches*, the bailiffs and keepers of spunging houses, is equally true. That the creditor is too often the dupe, in the first place of his own avarice, or, in other words, of the gambling experiment (with a view to receive large profits) of selling on credit, and receiving payment, if not otherwise, by arresting the person he sells his wares to, at a tenfold usurious rate; and, secondly, of some one of those heartless fiends, the broker-attorneys, that swarm all over England, we may readily admit. That the creditor gains, as a general rule, anything by the law of arrest, we may presume to deny. That the law of arrest, exclusive of its barbarism and disgrace to the nation, is injurious to the creditor, and the almost sole cause of bankruptcy, by tempting people in trade to give imprudent credits, and affording scope for dangerous speculations to those who can obtain credit, must also be admitted.

If we therefore allow, that the lawyers, the bailiffs, the spunging-house keepers, the gaolers

and turnkeys, are those who benefit from the law of arrest, and that the tradesmen, and nearly all those to whom credit is given, in consequence of this law, are sufferers in means, morals, and character—that the incomes spent by debtors abroad would otherwise be mostly laid out in purchasing the produce of labour at home: that the law is inconsistent with civilization: that those who absent themselves from a country disgraced by a barbarous law, which renders them liable to expense and long imprisonment, without even the proof of debt, or liability being proved, do so to preserve personal liberty, and, in consequence, retain little esteem for the government of Great Britain. Must we not, after all this, acknowledge what foreigners tell us, "that we have yet laws and practices that are inconsistent with the glorious liberty of which an Englishman eternally boasts?"

Tristram Shandy exclaimed——

"Boulogne! hah! so we are all got together, debtors and sinners: before heaven, a jolly set of us!—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you—I'm pursued by a like hundred devils myself,

and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses—for heaven's sake make haste! 'Tis for high treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood near him,—or else for murder, quoth the tall man. 'Tis debt, quoth a third: 'tis certainly for debt, quoth a fourth: I would not pay that gentleman's debt for a thousand pounds, quoth a fifth: nor I for six times the sum, quoth *size:* no, quoth *treize*, the gentleman has been committing———"

"Ah! ma chere fille! said I, as she tripped from her Matins,—you look as rosy as the morning—for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious."

All this and more too may be yet heard and seen in Boulogne. Here scandal flourisheth full well; and, yet, here are residing many respectable private families with incomes too limited to live and educate their children equally well in England. Half-pay naval and military officers also prefer it to other places on the Continent. Its tolerably cheap market, its daily intercourse with England, its proximity

to the sea, its having a good news-room, library, and all the English papers, and a more generally social English circle than most French towns, are its chief attractions. In summer and autumn both English and French families leave Paris for Boulogne. The latter, however, particularly the Carlists, prefer Dieppe, which place enjoyed for some years the gracious patronage of the immaculate mother of Henri-Dieu-Donné, and a second "Child of the Miracle."

Boulogne is, in my opinion, not less expensive to mere visitors, and far, very far, inferior in cleanliness and every other in-door comfort to, than, perhaps, any of our sea-bathing places in England. The situation of Boulogne is certainly convenient; the approach from the sea imposing; the views from the ramparts of the upper town, and from the heights on which stands the "*falsely* vaunting column" are extensive—especially in clear weather, when we have a distinct view of "Albion's Cliffs," of the British Channel and shipping, of the lower town and its fishing vessels, and of the surrounding, not unpicturesque country.

The upper town, inclosed within a wall and high rampart planted with trees, is chiefly inhabited by retired Carlist families. A handsome large church is now building at the expense, I am told, of the parish priest (probably in contributions) without any aid either from the French Government or from the Bishop. The Catholic clergy have the direction of a large seminary where really useful instruction is taught to all classes without religious distinction. There are, also, other tolerably good schools for both sexes; a public library and museum; the latter and the principal church are worth visiting, at least by those who have not seen the larger churches, cathedrals, bibliotheques, and museums of France.

The walks on the ramparts would be agreeable were it not for the nastiness, so general in this kingdom, which every few yards disgusts our eyes, assails our noses, and requires us at every step to look where we tread: these filthy *dépôsits* are shamefully characteristic of the French nation. Even in the most fashionable *quartier* of Paris we can scarcely avoid the

presence of the impure. In the lower town of Boulogne, the stinking mud of the harbour at low water, and the putrid entrails of fish thrown in, added to other effluvia, render the stench to non-habituated organs absolutely insupportable. A very moderate expense on the part of the town, and a little strict attention on that of the authorities, would cleanse and purify Boulogne, and make it the most agreeable summer residence on the coast of France.

The rides and walks in the neighbourhood, either on the roads, over the heights, or along the shores, are pleasant; the smooth sandy shores are well adapted for sea bathing, and the machines much like those used in England. There are also baths, with a music room, assembly room, reading room, billiard tables, and a good garden attached. The hotels are good, but rather extravagant in their charges: for wine they make you pay at least three prices. You may buy good Bordeaux and other French wines of the proper dealers at a moderate rate. The *table d'hôtes*, either at the boarding houses or hotels, are very well served.

At the hotel where we stopped, a very mixed ever-changing assemblage used to gather round the *table d'hôte*.

At the head of the table sat the landlady, a showy authoritative dame, of *enbonpoint* dimensions, and said to love a stout muscular officer much better than her wedded lord. Opposite, at the bottom, sat, in a half crouched position, her husband—an ill-favoured sallow sort of Jerry Sneak biped, whose nerves seemed to vibrate in fear and trembling, to the tenor and treble tones of his wife's commands. Between the landlady and me was Count M———, a French nobleman, for some years residing in England, and married to an English lady. He is one of the best bred and agreeable men I have met with. We conversed on men and things, on the customs and politics of England and France, and exchanged cards, hoping to have the pleasure of meeting next winter in Paris.

The chair at the other elbow of the landlady was filled by a noisy, illiterate, and apparently rich Londoner. He formed the head of a stiff

sombre tail, composed of seven awkward daughters, habited in ill-fashioned black dresses. He arrived that morning, with his family, by the steamboat, direct from London Bridge. Our landlady having refused him the saloon and apartments which we occupied, he stormed and raged against all France and every thing French. At dinner, having abused the cookery and every dish that had previously appeared, wines and all, except a bottle each of Port and Madeira, which he ordered for himself and family, strictly forbidding the latter drinking such sour trash as French wine, for it would certainly give them *Stomach hake*, he at length exclaimed, on the appearance of an excellent piece of roast beef, "Ma'am, give me the liberty to carve that *are beef*—that's something vorth coming to France for to *heat*—give me leave Ma'am—(stretching towards the dish)—you can't know nothing *hat hall* about carving roast beef *hin* France—I shouldn't be *hin* temper for a month *hif* you *acked* that *hare* roast beef of *hould Hengland;*"—the landlady looked aghast—all the table stared—she, however, passed the dish to the

Cockney, who, after abusing the knives and forks, certainly sliced the sirloin with an adroitness that proved him at least an experienced carver, and, from the quantity he demolished, no ordinary eater. On the following morning, he returned with his family to vegetate in Middlesex, and to talk on, all their after days, of France, French cookery, French wines, and French manners.

The "Capital Sin" of the wealthy English, especially abroad, from the footman to the capitalist who is not either a man of education or the world, is ostentation. Generally unacquainted with the world, possessing little knowledge but what is necessary in their occupations—having neither the well bred manner nor the tact of the French, in attempting to appear great—the merely monied English believe they are so, while called Milord Anglais, and flattered, and bowed to, by all who speculate on their vanity, profusion, and ignorance. Having observed almost every shade of English character in Paris, playing all parts in which vanity delights to exhibit its folly, I may here-

after return to the subject of the English on the Continent. Meantime, as I observe men and things while I journey or tarry on my way, I will take notes of all that appears most characteristic, in the conduct, usages, or peculiarities of whatever people I meet or associate with.

The inhabitants of Boulogne are chiefly hardy adventurous fishermen. The construction of their vessels is rude, but well adapted for the abrupt difficult seas of the channel, and in the event of disaster by shipwreck admirably fitted to beat over the shoals which lay off the coast. These vessels are from fifteen to sixty tons in burthen, manned with from ten to twenty-five men and boys, and well supplied with fishing lines, hooks, nets, bait, and provisions.

It is interesting to observe the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the fishermen, carrying (not only in Boulogne, but in all the fishing towns of France) down to their fathers, husbands, sons, or brothers, the various accustomed articles of meat and drink considered necessary for their

comfort, during even the shortest voyage. They are, indeed, a rude people in appearance, but simple, hardy, honest, and tender-hearted, in all their filial and domestic relations.

Their usually naked feet and ancles are thick, red, and scaly; their hands and arms large and muscular, as those of a prize fighter; their waists, thick as that of a London porter; their large features, bronzed mingled with red coloured faces, would warrant the belief in their being begotten between a woman of Billingsgate and an Esquimaux.

Their dress consists of blue, scarlet, or striped petticoats, strapped above the shoulders, over worsted vests; printed calico caps or handkerchiefs tied on the head; from their ears generally are suspended gold rings. They are laborious beasts of burden—you observe them in the morning, bent nearly double with the weight, carrying large panniers full of fish from the boats, and in the evening bringing down the provisions and stores for the fishing voyage.

The men are warmly clad in red flannel or striped shirts, over which is drawn a blue or

striped woollen frock ; blue or canvas trowsers ; fishing boots, or blue stockings and shoes; and blue or red caps. They are intrepid daring mariners, run great risks, and are quick and sure in perceiving the prognostics of a coming storm. The fishing boats or busses belonging to Boulogne amount to about two hundred, manned by about two thousand five hundred men and boys; they were prosecuted some time ago on the charge of purchasing, at sea, fish from the English and Dutch fishermen, and subjected to a high penalty.

The market of Boulogne is, on market days, very much and picturesquely crowded : the country women have swarthy complexions, and are costumed in red and blue striped petticoats, calico vests, red handkerchiefs, and pure white muslin caps.

Poultry, vegetables, flowers, eggs, and fruit, seemed very abundant. It is complained of that all the best fish is sent to Paris ; but we saw good turbot, brill, soles, ling, and mackerel, besides those ugly fishes, the scate, dog-fish, and conger-eel.

BOULOGNE TO BRUGES.

For some miles before we reach the frontiers of Belgium, the surface of the country which exhibits around Calais such wretched poverty and slovenly culture, improves wonderfully. The little town of Gravelines has all the clean thrifty aspect, of what it really is, a Flemish town.

A vast collection of sand thrown up by the sea in ridges, from each of which, in succession, the dashing element has been from age to age receding, forms the natural structure of the country — of the original groundwork of the coast, from Calais to the mouth of the Zuyder Zee—of the rich cornfields and pastures, which extend back several miles from the shores of the Pas-de-Calais, Flanders, Zealand, and North and South Holland. The remainder of the low lands laying between this sea-sand region and the uplands, consists of alluvions, or earths and vegetable substances carried down, by the Rhine,

Meuse, Scheldt, and numerous rivulets, from the mountains of Germany and the uplands of France and Belgium.

An ecclesiastic, the fame of whose austere life and piety had spread over a great part of Europe, built a church near a small creek amidst the then bleak sandy downs of the sea-coast—far from verdure, trees, cultivated lands, or inhabitants. Thousands flocked to offer up their devotions in the newly-erected temple—Houses were soon erected — a town appeared — the situation and the church (Down's kirk) gave it a name. The creek was at length converted into a tolerably safe harbour, from which a canal was cut to the cultivated uplands. By means of the canal and the harbour, manures were carried to, and spread, from year to year, over the dry sandy district which extended from Gravelines to Ostend: at length the surface exhibited yellow corn-fields, green pastures, trees, heavy crops, flocks, herds, large farm-houses, and smiling villages. Such was the origin and progress of the present remarkably well built clean town and commodious harbour of Dun-

kirk, and the well cultivated agricultural country extending from Gravelines to Bruges.

We found at Dunkirk an excellent inn, clean airy beds and good fare, at a moderate cost. The inhabitants, resembling the Flemings of Belgium more than the French, are a quiet, superstitious, remarkably clean, and rather a comely people. We took advantage of the morning canal barge, and left, soon after sunrise, for the frontier town of Furnes: the charge for breakfast and passage was moderate. On entering Belgium we found the douaniers and police officers ignorant and vexatiously troublesome. They turned everything inside out. For the few books I had with me, none of them new, and had passed unnoticed more than once from England to France and back again, they made me pay duty, as well as for a silk dress, although it had been worn several times by my wife. They scarcely understood a word of French. All the public orders and instructions at the Bureau were printed or written in Flemish, and they took at least an hour to comprehend our passports. There were with us two young Germans on their way home from

London to Mayence. One of them observed "these Belgians are more stupid and ignorant than the people of Darmstadt. I wished I had given them my hotel bill instead of my passport, they could not tell the difference." The allusion to the people of Darmstadt involved an evidently made-up story, stating that a burgher of Mayence, to prove their stupidity, ordered at the hotel where he put up for supper, calf's head, ox tongue, and pig's feet, which appeared in the bill given by him to a policeman of Darmstadt as the description of his person in his passport, *tête de veau, langue de bœuf, pied de cochon, &c.*

There came along in the canal-barge a meagre ash-coloured Parisian bourgeois, with his wife and a little girl, their daughter. They were small pedlars, or smugglers. They exhibited at the Douane, a quantity of engravings—a few of which were well executed copies of good pictures; but nearly the whole consisted of rude glaring red, yellow, and blue prints of the Virgin, Crucifixion, and countless saints; of Napoleon and his battles; of the siege of Antwerp; of Parisian caricatures, and indecent

figures and groups. They said they had nothing further to declare; — the wife and daughter, meantime, had disappeared in the direction of Nieuport on foot, probably with smuggled articles under their garments — on stricter search the man was found to have about him some finely-made Sheffield penknives, scissors, and razors. He seemed in despair on their seizure; we left him pleading poverty and misery to the douaniers, with whom, however, all his wailing, lamentation, tremulous tones, and skeleton figure seemed not of the least avail.

Silks and fine cutlery are the articles most jealously interdicted as to introduction from France or England. On the other hand, the high tariffs of France and Belgium, particularly the former, on most foreign goods, form irresistible premiums to smugglers. A contraband trade into France is carried on to an inconceivable extent — on land, chiefly by the means of dogs — by sea, principally through the more effectual well-known practice of bribing the douaniers.

The method of smuggling by the use of dogs is singular. A strong middle-sized dog is well

fed and kindly treated at some convenient place within the French territory. He is afterwards carried over the Belgian frontier where he is beaten and kept without food one or two days. The skin of a larger one is then stitched round him, within which fine lace, damask, or very fine Verviers cloths, or manufactured tobacco is closely packed. The dog thus starved, whipped, and laden, scampers off to where he has been caressed and fed, and generally escapes the vigilance of the douaniers, although, by official statements, published by the French Government, about one in seventy of the great number employed are stated to be shot. It is, however, estimated, that if one in twenty were destroyed, and their lading seized, there would still be sufficient profit left to encourage smuggling.

Nieuport, through which we passed, is one of the towns fortified after the battle of Waterloo. It is in fact a strong modern arsenal—a curious old building called Tour de Diable, in which a legend tells us, that a beautiful nun cohabited with the devil in the shape, all but the cloven

foot, of a handsome youth, is now transformed into an armoury and powder magazine.

Of what use these frontier fortresses are to be, or how John Bull is to receive benefit or remuneration, direct or indirect, for his share of the expense, will puzzle the political economist and statesman to explain, otherwise than placing the sum to the account of dead loss to England.

The steam-packets between England and Ostend, and the passengers they carry to and fro, still enliven the latter place; but its trade has vanished since the revolution of 1830; and the magnificent ship canal between it and Bruges has scarcely a barge floating on its broad surface. If the locks at Ostend are wide enough, and, if not, they can be made so, the steam-packet might ascend to Bruges—the approach by canal to which presents, for several miles, the appearance of a lazy river, flowing through low corn and meadow lands, much more wooded in prospect than in reality.

TRAVELLING IN BELGIUM.

In Flanders you may travel either by diligence, canal barge, or in your own carriage and post-horses. In Belgium, generally, I found the rate of travelling remarkably slow—"make haste" is not in the postillion or driver's vocabulary. The inns are, all over the country, among the best on the continent; you may, as a general rule, expect excellent fare, clean beds, good rooms, and very moderate charges. You will be rather tardily waited upon, but you will receive all as good as they tell you, without protesting in bowing attitudes and polite phrases, that you will have "*tout ce qu'il y'a de mieux*." They are unacquainted with the "*façon de parler*"—but all that is best you may rely on having. Posting in Belgium is almost equally slow as the public conveyances. I have found the post-illions, between Brussels and Antwerp, and between Brussels and Namur, by the route,

either of Waterloo or Wavre, by Gembloux, and down along the banks of the Meuse to Hui, Liege, Spa, or Veviers, among the quickest drivers, and the horses the best for travelling carriages. As a general rule, the Belgian inns, considering the fare, apartments, beds, and charges, are superior to any on the continent.

BRUGES.

Bruges is now a melancholy looking town. If you hate society and love dullness you will find it a Paradise. Its streets are remarkably clean, and the houses commodious and rather built for the purposes of commerce and comfort, than for an imposing appearance in their architecture. In days of yore it was the flourishing central mart of the Flemish commerce. At that time its population amounted to about eighty thousand, which included, however, the unproductive yet devouring class, who occupied some fifteen convents and monasteries, besides extensive grounds within the town walls:—of these, two, I believe, now exist — that of the Beguinage and the English convent established nearly a hundred years ago. In the latter are forty professed or veiled nuns, all English or Irish, besides several unveiled inmates.

Living and house-rent are cheap. From the

statements and prices given me, I should conclude, that a family of six persons might live very comfortably for from £120 to £150 per annum, including house-rent, provisions, one servant, and decent clothing. Private instruction is cheap, and all have the advantage of museums, public libraries, and good paintings. There are reading-rooms, book-shops, and well-supplied vegetable, poultry, and flesh-markets.

Before the disturbance of 1830, there were residing at Bruges several resident English families with scanty incomes. A few still remain, living cheaply and educating their children. Its convenient water intercourse with England, and that powerful diminisher of distances, the steam engine, will probably occasion an increase of English residents, who, on the mere score of economy, assuredly for no other, may find it convenient to dwell in the dullest of cities.

We formed an acquaintance with only one Flemish family of those we would term the genteel class. The father was intelligent, rich: had money invested in a steam-power

cotton factory at Ghent, and consequently lamented the separation from Holland; the mother was a middle-aged, decent, thrifty, and rather a lady-like woman, with her heart and soul devoted to her husband and children. The daughters were accomplished, conversant, well read, had learnt music and dancing; yet they were domestic in their ideas, and will, no doubt, become thrifty wives and prudent mothers. They dressed simply and neatly in the French fashion, and spoke that language fluently with scarcely the least Flemish accent.

We visited the new and old town-house, the museum, and public library, the churches of Nôtre Dame, and St. Salvador. Nôtre Dame is a huge edifice, unornamented, and venerable in its external aspect, but the priests are about committing the barbarism of white-washing its outside walls. The interior, with its bright high vaulted roofs and walls, its numerous pillars and chapels, imparts the idea, from the broad jet-black lines and reliefs, of sublimity in mourning. Its pulpit is of curiously carved oak, in common with that of nearly all the churches in

the Netherlands. The beauty and loveliness of the Virgin and Child in white marble are really delectable; Sir Joshua Reynolds seems disposed to believe it the work of Michael Angelo, it was taken out of a Genoese vessel, captured by a Flemish privateer. There are several pictures of, at least, seeming merit in this church.

The Flemings boast of their Van Eyck as the inventor, in 1374, of oil painting; but, if there be any truth in the date, 1300, on a painting of the crucifixion in the church of St. Salvador, their pretensions are falsified.

About four or five thousand women of Bruges have hitherto found employment in making lace —they now complain of having little or no employment. "How lamentable," say they, "that William is not a Catholic." — "How wrong-headed," say I, "for him to have interfered with the instruction, the prejudices, and the old associations of the people."

The towns-people who, like all the Flemings, care infinitely less for all social and out-of-door amusements than the French, had, however, fireworks and music in the park on the even-

ing we arrived, and archery is a favourite exercise. Nothing could be more unsoldier-like and awkward than the appearance and manœuvring of the troops. The hotels are commodious, clean, well provided, and moderate in charges; but their envoys, or commissioners, are disgraceful to the town, and to the burgomaster. Their rudeness, their violence, and their noise, while they rush at your luggage and deafen you on landing, is irritating and annoying beyond description; and the policemen are stupid brutes, worse than useless, when you request their interference. By shouting out that we were going to the hôtel d'——, and the application of my stick over their knuckles, I at last rescued our luggage, and that of an elderly lady passenger, from the paws of those bears.

FLEMISH LIVING.

In Flanders, and in nearly all the country towns of Belgium, the people dine at the good olden hour of one, and sup at eight or nine. Invariably at the Inns, there are abundantly-laden *tahle d'hotes* at those hours.—On the evening we arrived at Bruges we were told, that supper would, at nine, be in the *Salle à Manger*. We had hot roast ducks, and sweet green-peas; roast pigeons; mutton cutlets, and *cotelettes de veau;* cold pickled salmon, and hot fried salmon; boiled french-beans, and frittered cauliflowers: what more in the eatable way, I note not. We, in liquid form, had *biere brune* and *biere blanche;* very bad water, and *vin ordinaire*. Ordinary in truth the latter was and is—as you will, except at the first inns, always find it in Belgium. To correct the water, I asked for some Cogniac. It smelt like the Negro rum called kill-devil, which so effectually poisons our poor sailors in

the West Indies. Good coffee we certainly had; and at last excellent *chasse café* was brought forth, in the shape of fine old brandy, discovered by our fat fair-faced landlady, in a bottle, which from its cork and musty incrustations must have long reposed untouched in some corner of her cave, in which same corner we soon found that as good Burgundy and Hock had lain, probably from some period before the battle of Waterloo, as ever was drank by a French Bibber at Grignion's, or by a Frankfort Burgomeister, at a civic feast.

If he goes properly about it, in no place can the gourmand or gastronome luxuriate more to the satisfaction of all the caprices and sensualities of his palate and stomach, than in this cheap and fertile country.

The unmeaning faces he meets with will not put him out of countenance. No one, by asking questions or attempting conversation, will interrupt his gulping and mastication. Unless it be at Brussels or Liege, he may never utter a word, except when ordering what his appetite craves for. No one will intrude on his privacy,

and he need not apprehend being asked to partake of the hospitality of the people. He will, in every meaning of the word, be independent. All his wants will, at a moderate cost, and not one without, be fully satisfied.

FLANDERS AND THE FLEMINGS.

THE canal from Bruges to Ghent is deep enough for a flat bottomed steamer, and broad enough for the paddle wheels not to disturb its banks. The country through which it passes presents a flat surface, thriftily cultivated by a moral industrious population, comfortably lodged, and possessing all the requisite comforts of quiet life. The various roads by land, all over the low country, unfold the same characteristic monotonous aspect, in succession, of decent churches, white-washed houses, generally with tiled roofs; large barns and farm-yards; green pastures and yellow cornfields, variegated with patches of hemp, flax, hops, potatoes, beets, turnips, beans, pease, cabbages, and other vegetables; — with trees, chiefly poplar and willow, grouped, detached, or in rows; apple and other fruit trees; flower spots and kitchen gardens;—the cottages, farm-houses, barns, villages, and peasantry in and out of doors

invariably exhibiting all the pleasing, clean, but somewhat rude habits, plodding thrift, and comforts of rural life.

It is not my intention to note down in the form of a diary all we may observe in our wanderings, nor to state what, from exact similarity, would be telling little else than the same story over again. Since our arrival in Flanders we have walked or rode, to see the country and the people, over the fields and along the roads, straying into the province of Antwerp, and into the lower part of Brabant, both which may be considered as peopled with Flemings. We have visited the peasantry in their houses, and accompanied them over their farms—witnessed their domestic arrangements, manner of living, and mode of husbandry—examined their agricultural implements, and culinary utensils; made ourselves acquainted with their habits of thrift; their social relations; their devotions, and superstitions; their knowledge, and their ignorance; their sources of instruction, and their means of living: we have seen them in the lawns, villages, and churches: we have conversed with the priests, the police,

and the civic guards; with mechanics, manufacturers, and canal boat-men.

In all my wanderings in the old and new world—among the inhabitants of French race in Lower Canada, the back-woodsman of the upper province, the fishing settlements on the coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and the agricultural districts of the old colonies, in the cities of Europe, and among the agricultural, manufacturing, and seafaring classes of the United Kingdom or the Continent, I have followed, when in search of information, the same invariable practice, which a fair share of experience has convinced me to be the only certain way of knowing and understanding men and things as they are—of forming conclusions unshackled and unbiassed by the prejudices of local circumstances, education, religion, or country.

The Flemings young and old, men and women, we found industrious, thrifty, minutely attentive to their religious observances, implicitly trusting, with some little suspicion however in worldly matters, in all their pastors tell them. The men

are generally sober, inclined to taciturnity, awkward in speech and manner as any Somersetshire clod, and nearly as much addicted to smoking as the Dutch. Their common drink is Lambeck—or Louvain beer to my taste a thin bitter liquid. They are faithful in the performance of all stipulations once agreed to; as parents they are affectionate, as children dutiful: in society dull and cold, in their amusements stupid and awkward.

It is a remarkable fact, that a Flemish parent will never indulge in, nor enjoy luxuries—never abate his labours—until he has accumulated sufficient to give each of his children as much as he himself received from his father. This hereditary principle pervading society, high and low, gives an overwhelming influence to opinion, and in it consists the grand secret which, among the Flemings, cherishes and maintains industry, thrift, and the domestic affections.

During our rambles in Flemish Belgium, the peasantry were gathering a very plentiful harvest. The clover and hay crops had been bountiful—the corn crops, particularly the wheat

and oats, then cutting down, were remarkably heavy. Instead of reaping with the sickle, they use a small scythe, fixed to a short crooked handle, held in the right hand, and a stick with an iron hook in the end for the purpose of turning the ears over in the same direction, held in the other. The shepherd, immediately after the corn is *stooked* and carried off, turns his flock to feed over the stubble, and then, without delay, the field is ploughed. The Flemish plough appears to have undergone no improvement for centuries. It has the high straight beam, clumsy wheels, and sometimes one, but more generally two handles. We in no instance saw more than two horses to a plough. The harrow is usually triangular, often with oblique wooden teeth. The carts are also clumsy and placed usually on four low wheels. From the much lower price of iron in Belgium the agricultural implements are, however, all over the country, better made and more durable than in France; and every foot of land except some mossy and heathy tracts in the province of Antwerp is cultivated with the most thrifty economy.

There is a pauper agricultural settlement which we visited at Wortel, on the broad heath near Antwerp; it is similar to that at Frederick's Oord; and it was perhaps, at least it is said so, better managed under the Dutch government, than it has been since. But as we are to visit Holland by way of the Rhine, I will refrain noting any remarks either on the institutions and establishments planned and formed under King William, or on the state of administration, government, or education in Belgium, further than the passing opinions of the people among whom we travel.

Provisions of all kinds are, we find, at extremely low prices; a large sack of potatoes will not bring more than a shilling; good wheaten bread is sold at about 2*d.* the pound; fat chickens about 2½*d.* each; butchers' meat from 2*d.* to 3½*d* the pound; eggs 2*d.* the dozen; vegetables and fruit are in proportion even lower. The Dutch markets are now closed against the Belgians. "France," said a Belgian, "will receive nothing from us; her tariff amounts to a prohibition: and your Corn laws

prevent our sending wheat, oats, and barley to England."

The horned cattle are generally fat, but not so heavy as in England; the cows are generous in supplying the dairy,—the sheep are generally large, and herded in flocks of about two hundred each; wool is a considerable staple, but a great part of it is used in domestic manufactures. The shepherds, like all the peasantry, wear the *blouse*, or blue linen frock. The swine, generally, are not so compactly built, nor so heavy as with us: somewhat like the Irish pigs, and superior to those I have usually seen in Normandy and other parts of France. Occasionally we saw pigs tethered to eat up small patches of grass on the road-side.

The Flemish horses are heavy, sleek, fat, strong, clumsy, slow animals: they would appear to have been renowned for bulk even in the days of our eighth Henry, when he swore that his courtiers on presenting him Anne of Cleves, had brought him "a huge Flanders mare."

A commerce of some extent is carried on by sending strong Flemish cart-horses to England;

such are used in the brewers' drays in London, and I think most of our heavy cart-horses owe their origin to Flanders. A strong sound dray horse, five years old, is bought for about 30*l.* in the neighbourhood of Nieuport and Bruges.

Nearly all the Flemish peasantry are small manufacturers; that is, the flax and hemp they cultivate, is dressed, spun, and woven by them during winter into coarse linens and ducks. In most houses you find a loom for these linens; they had a ready market when under the Dutch government. The connexion with Holland augmented also the demand for agricultural productions: so they say did their annexation, under Napoleon, to France.

On talking to the country people respecting their means and prospects they invariably replied, "that they received good prices and a ready market for corn, cattle, wool, and linen, when William was king; but that their religion was now safe, and that their priests told them on Sunday, that times would grow better." I, however, remarked, that they lamented the loss they were sustaining from want of markets, and

the tenants, who form the bulk of the peasantry, complained of the increased difficulty of paying rent in money. Many would say, "that although prices were good, and they could save money before the revolution, that as William was a Protestant they could not depend upon him." On my replying, that Leopold was also a Protestant, they answered, "Yes, but the Queen is a Catholic, and she is pregnant, and the child which she is to give birth to is to be christened a Catholic. Should it be a prince we will then have a Catholic king, and we pray that Leopold may turn Catholic, our priests also pray that he may, and we hope our prayers will be heard. The Queen and her confessor will most likely convert the king; and we are told, that the best king France ever had was once a Protestant, that he married a Catholic queen, and that he was converted."

On board one of the canal barges we had some conversation with an officer of the civic guard. He extolled Leopold and the queen above all the kings and queens of the earth. He said the Belgians adored their Majesties, and that their

portraits were to be found in every cottage. We next day came in contact with a man whom we discovered to be the proprietor of a large inn at Brussels. He spoke well, was a man of education, and I suspect held some place of considerable emolument under the French government. He delivered his remarks in a very different spirit from the civic guardsman; ridiculed the revolution at Brussels; said, "it was the work of a few miscreants, which one of Napoleon's lieutenants with two hundred men would have crushed;" lauded the French imperial government, extolled the prosperity of Belgium at that period; yearned for the re-annexation of the kingdom to France; but any change, "the Dutch or the devil, rather than Leopold;" these were literally his words.

BRUGES TO GHENT.

We came from Bruges to this town in one of the two canal barges that have been for several years established as passage boats. The one which carried us was made a present of by Napoleon to the city of Ghent; and, as far as accommodation is in question, we must bestow every praise on the imperial gift. This tardy mode of travelling we usually find the most dull and the most weary of all conveyances. The barge is towed by four or five horses at the rate of about four miles an hour, or rather less, as we did not arrive in Ghent until eight hours after leaving Bruges. We, however, did not feel the time tedious. Abaft, over the chief cabin, was a handsome pavilion, open all round, but canopied with canvas. Under this pleasant shade there were grouped, sitting or standing, several respectable looking passengers,—a Belgian family of very communicative disposition and manners,

and several English and a few French on their way to Brussels or the Rhine. In midships were squatted, playing at dominoes or smoking, a detachment of troops, well enough clad, but as unmilitary in their appearance and manners as English tourists describe the Yankee militia. On the fore-deck were country people, market women, horse-dealers, and others, forming a strange *melée* in costume, language, and manners. We had also a band of five or six musicians, for whose performance I cannot say much. Of the flat country, as we moved onwards, usually somewhat below its level, we saw but little, yet that little always unfolded the same industry and fertility I have already noticed.

While conversing with the passengers, gentle and simple, I found the dinner hour came round long before I was aware of the time, although I knew we were to dine at the usual Manchester, Belgian, and German hour, one o'clock. Our barge had not only a handsome cabin adorned with mirrors and elegantly furnished, but also a very commodious *salle à*

manger. Our dinner was excellent, and having only had a cup of coffee before leaving Bruges early in the morning, we enjoyed our repast as heartily as we do an eight o'clock dinner in London. For passage and dinner we were charged five and a half francs each, according to the present rate of exchange four shillings and sixpence; for this sum we were carried comfortably thirty miles, and for dinner we had very good soup, *bouilli*, for which I can only say that the soup had extracted from it all nutrition; excellent fresh turbot with clear butter sauce; savory mutton chops; plump roasted chickens; fat stewed pigeons; juicy young ducks; sweet green peas; fresh salmon, with its flesh stratified in delicious red and creamy layers; substantial sausages; and capital ham, with carrots, french beans, potatoes, pastry, and a tolerable dessert;—we had ale gratis; for wine we paid extra.

It was this barge, her accommodations and fare, that so delighted a cockney two years ago, that he almost began and completed his tour on board of her. On leaving London he

carried with him £50, resolving to travel and see the world while the cash lasted. So delighted was he with the sumptuous dinners, cheap fares, and ever changing society, that he remained during day, making voyages to and from, and sleeping alternate nights at Bruges and Ghent, until he spent all but sufficient money to carry him back to Cornhill. He has been always laughed at; but there are worse methods of travelling to glean knowledge, and to see the world.

GHENT.

"JE mettrais tous Paris dans mon gant, (literally, "I could put all Paris in my glove,") said Charles V., on allusion being made, when he visited France, to the magnificence of Paris.

Ghent, once so extensive, so commercial, and so thriving, has, however, declined in population, wealth, and consequence, more rapidly than any great town in modern history. Yet with all its solitary aspect, its princely mansions and innumerable edifices proudly stand forth in dignified grandeur, rigidly attesting its former splendor, magnificence, and riches among the great cities of Europe.* At that period its

* The decline of Ghent, and, in fact, of all the great towns of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp, and the rise of Holland, may be dated from the day on which Charles V. declared war against Francis I. of France. The contribution laid on the Low Countries was high and oppressive; the contingent imposed on Ghent was 400,000 florins, which, although decided by the Council of Malines, Ghent refused to pay. The governante of the Low

haughty burghers would scout the thought of grass ever thriving, as it now does, in its places and streets, as contemptuously as a thorough Royal Exchange-goer would the idea of wheat growing hereafter in Cornhill.

I will not enter into the causes of its extraordinary decline, my object being to examine things chiefly as they are. Before the revolu-

Countries (natural daughter of Charles) ordered, in consequence, all the citizens of Ghent found at Brussels, Malines, and Antwerp to be arrested—their fellow burghers immediately revolted, drove away the Emperor's officers, and offered the sovereignty of Flanders to Francis. Charles hastened from Spain, and entered Ghent on his birth-day, the 24th February 1540. On deliberating with the ferocious Duke of Alba as to the punishment to be inflicted on the city, the latter said "Detruisez la de fond en comble" (utterly destroy it). Charles directed the Duke to ascend a belfry which overlooks all the city. On descending the Emperor asked him "combien il croyait, qu'il fallait de peaux de Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur." Ghent, however, was declared guilty of *lèze Majésté*, deprived of its privileges, all its property confiscated to the use of the Emperor, and 150,000 of florins immediately, 6,000 florins annually, and the expense of building a strong citadel, imposed on the town. Twenty-six citizens were beheaded; a great many banished; all the magistrates, the deans of trades, and thirty burghers in black robes, head and feet bare, and with cords round their necks, were compelled to ask the Emperor's pardon. The magistrates ever after to appear on all public occasions with cords round their necks.

tion of 1830 the manufactories of Ghent were apparently reviving with renewed vigor and activity. The source, however, of their seemingly sure prosperity having failed, they grew weak, sickened, some of them died, and all were enfeebled. It was indeed painful to see in the town, and out of the town, a great number of steam engines with extensive machinery, actually, in respect to production, defunct. I asked "when will the cotton mills and other idle factories resume their labours?" The proprietors shook their heads, muttered a few words about the profitable market for supplying the Dutch colonies — good King William, and their faith in, or their hopelessness of, better times. Every step convinced me, however, that "good King William," in losing Belgium by his perverse obstinacy, was a great political blunderer.

Ghent, with its bridges and canals, its situation on the Scheldt, and the advantage it derives from receiving the waters of the Lis and Lieve—its cathedral, a venerable and magnificent gothic structure, with twenty-two marble chapels

and brass doors—its black and white marble altar pieces—its ingeniously carved oak pulpit—its monuments, and its numerous paintings by great masters, will, for a short time, but not long, interest even the curious traveller.

The nave, choir, and aisles, chiefly of white, black, and variegated marble, of the cathedral, are imposingly grand, nor can we help feeling the spirit of reverence as we walk silently among the massy yet tall columns.

The suisse or beadle shows four huge candlesticks, used on the grand altar. They belonged originally to old St. Paul's, London, then to Charles I. of England: were used at his coronation and marriage: sold afterwards by Cromwell, and bought for the cathedral of Ghent. The font at which the Emperor Charles V. was baptised is also shewn. The house in which he was born has been pulled down.

We visited other churches, in which there are abundant subjects for the superstitious to adore, the curious to admire, and the philosopher to moralise on. The botanical garden was formed and established on a very respectable scale under

Napoleon. The magnificent college was built by the King of Holland. In it students were cheaply instructed in every branch of learning, without distinction as to religious creed. It would have been wise in William not to have imitated his Majesty of Prussia in prescribing the course of instruction. We also visited the public library, museum, and school of arts; the markets, squares, and most of the usual sights pointed out by those indefatigable advisers, the hotel commissioners.

However much curiosity I may feel in visiting churches or antiquities, renewed descriptions of them are usually dull and tiresome. I hate to delay others, and I delight to fly forward into active life. I shall, therefore, during our peregrination, dwell little in temples, museums, or municipal edifices.

Notwithstanding the low rents, cheap provisions, and facility of educating children, we found that but few English families are now living at Ghent. Before September, 1830, there were nearly as many English, chiefly of moderate incomes, residing at Ghent as in Brussels.

BRUSSELS.

The drive here from Ghent is beautiful. A majestic avenue leads over a slightly undulated country, nearly all the way to the large manufacturing town of Alost, where we halted for a few minutes to see the picture of St. Roche by Rubens, and the St. Catherine of Van Dyck, which were carried to Paris by the French, and restored in 1815 to the cathedral of Alost.

On approaching Brussels the road passes through a delightfully rich and well cultivated country, and from the height, west of the town, we observed the dark green curved outline of the forest of Soignée.

We have been in this city—this handsome capital of Belgium—fourteen days; we have promenaded morning, mid-day, and evening, in its fine park; lounged in the English library; talked with Belgians and English residents on politics, Brussels, and Belgium; waited on our

venerable ambassador; was introduced by him to the American minister; rode in the beautiful *allée verte;* strayed to and examined plants in, the spacious botanic garden; sipped coffee at the Place; talked with the merchants at the Bourse; sat listening to dull speeches in the Chamber of Deputies; went to the theatre; visited the museum, the public library, the cathedral, and hotel de ville; the lace and other manufactories, the chamber of senators, and the chastely-elegant palace of the Prince of Orange; sat often at the front window of our excellent hotel in the Place Royal, watching, or listening to, the crowds entering and leaving the church of St. Jacques, the carrying of the Host, and the respect shown the clergy, the troops passing to and fro, the military music at nine o'clock, and the cracking of postillions' whips, arriving with "all the world," *i. e.* the English, from Ghent, Paris, or the Rhine, or driving the *Milords Shan Bull*, ding-dong to Waterloo.

It is astonishing how many English families arrived at, and departed from, Brussels during

our stay. Lords and Commons, nobly-ignoble and would-be-uncommon, swindlers and adventurers; the learned and the ignorant; the plethoric and the consumptive; the fanciful and the vapourish; the ostentatious and the modest; gamblers and black-legs, all on their way to Spa, Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Bads of Nassau and Baden. The ladies' pimple-skin, the ladies' freckle, and the ladies' grog-blossom, to bathe and wash at the Slangenbads. The dyspeptic to drink the waters of Swalbach; ladies who are not in the way they should be, to prove "they love their lords," and lords who are impotent, to drink at Spa from the well blessed with the print of St. Remy's foot, and then to sit and love in the pavilion that overlooks the town; others to gulp the scalding broth vomited by the Hochbrunnen at Wiesbaden, and the remainder to go still further, either to drink, bathe, or gamble at Baden, or hurry-scurry, forward fly, to Switzerland and Mont-Blanc.

We have certainly passed several pleasant days here. We have met friends and acquaintances, not a moment has hung heavily on our hands,

the scene has been ever changing, and Brussels has and does represent a vast, ceaseless, gorging, and disgorging caravansary—all restless-evanescent. I shall say nothing of politics until we return from Holland,—fearing the influence of prejudice,—and very little of old churches or public buildings. The cathedral, or rather church of St. Gudule deserves, exclusive of the venerable grand gothic style of its architecture, a visit, were it only to see the richly-carved pulpit, the chef-d'œuvre of Quesney, representing the angel with the flaming sword, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. Its monuments and statues have also claims to merit; and the old and modern tapestry, now exhibited on the anniversary of the King's accession, would alone remunerate and please the eyes of those in search of the curious.

The rich, florid, gothic architecture, especially of the spire of the Hotel, and its interior rooms and tapestry; the old palace; the museum in the Palais d'Orange, in which are a collection of curious rare books, four or five paintings by Rubens, and several by Teniers, and other

Flemish and Dutch masters, and a well-arranged collection of subjects on natural history, will not disappoint any rational traveller who visits Brussels. Unless it be the spires of Antwerp and Strasbourg, that of the Hôtel de Ville of Brussels is, perhaps, superior to any in Europe.

On a future day I may have the opportunity and occasion to say something further of Brussels. In the meantime I will only notice that after our arrival, the amiable consort of Leopold became a mother. On the 24th day of July, the firing of one hundred guns proclaimed, in imitation of the annunciation of the birth of the King of Rome. that the daughter of Louis Philippe gave birth to a prince—a Duke of Brabant, of full blood connexion, first cousin to the heir apparent of England's throne.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

"WHY do the English, like birds of passage, flock periodically to foreign countries?" is a question, which has frequently suggested itself to me while travelling abroad.

The people of the Continent have, for some years, ceased their astonishment on the arrival of those swarms from the British Isles that have annually, since the last war, been overrunning France, Belgium, the Rhenish provinces, Switzerland, and Italy. The inhabitants of these nations, little accustomed to travel, content themselves with the happy, fanciful, yet natural idea, that the English have plenty of money, fine horses and dashing carriages, perhaps good houses, but nothing else to be envied. They believe, comparatively speaking, our amusements to be stupid, our knowledge of the fine arts rude, our architecture mean, our scenery tame,

our climate humid, our food and drink insipid, and our cookery barbarous.

"If the English," say they, "had those enjoyments, those delicacies and luxuries at home, which they find in foreign countries, why do they come abroad? That your scientific, literary, and commercial men should travel, in order to glean that information, or to effect those objects that are connected with their profession and pursuits, is necessary and reasonable. But when, year after year, thousands and tens of thousands, noble and ignoble, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, leave their own for foreign countries, it is plain that they cannot possess at home those delights and gratifications which they enjoy abroad."

To refute these opinions would be much easier than to convince foreigners that we have all that is sumptuous in greater abundance, unless it be at Paris, than any other country; that our hotels, for cleanliness, comfort, and at least interior splendor, are generally superior to the best found on the Continent; that if we have not at all times so clear a sky, we always breathe in

our towns and houses a sweet atmosphere; that our watering and sea-bathing places are more numerous, with, generally speaking, more elegantly built and more conveniently planned houses, and are as fully thronged during the season as the most fashionable on the Continent; that our cookery is not actually barbarous, nor our viands or wines insipid; that our streets are as clean as, and less offensive than, their stair-cases; that our halls and stairs are as free from the least impurity as their most elegant saloons; and our water-closets as sweet as the bed-chambers of France, and especially those of Italy; that the scenery of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the North and West of England is not absolutely tame; and that we actually do possess, with two or three artificial exceptions, all the luxuries and enjoyments, and, generally, more substantial comforts, at home, than we find abroad.

It is not, however, difficult to account for the travelling propensity of the English. There are no other people, or, at least, not so great a proportion of the inhabitants of any other country-unless it be those of Holland, who possess the

same means of defraying the expense of travelling as the English. Nor are there, in any other country, so great a number of persons who have realized fortunes, either at home or in the colonies, and who, having retired from a life of activity, require the excitement of travelling to dispel that *ennui*, that unhappiness, which the unaccustomed absence of occupation produces. The Dutch seldom retire from business, yet they travel (especially up the Rhine) more than the people of other countries on the Continent. The Germans of rank and sufficient means flock to their own watering places. We meet with but few French families either at Spa, Baden, or the Wells of Nassau. The Parisian beau monde, who enjoy in winter their capital as the paradise in which all pleasure and happiness concentrate, usually leave Paris to economise during summer in some quiet country retreat, and spend scarcely any money in travelling. We, however, occasionally meet in Switzerland, and at the German watering places, a few Frenchmen, with their wives or mistresses; but seldom with their children. Among the *tout ensemble*, we ob-

serve, thinly numbered, some Danes, Russians, and Poles, but scarcely ever either Italians, Spaniards, or Portuguese. Lately several American families have made the grand tour. Generally speaking, I think, that not only foreigners, but we ourselves, greatly exaggerate the number of English travellers and residents on the Continent. There are circumstances and appearances which seem to justify what I often heard, "that for one traveller from all other countries, there are at least five English, who travel over the great continental roads." The English travel so ostentatiously, that they, in consequence, are subjected to greater expense and imposition than all others: this is not all—their equipages and servants create a display which, in opinion, augment their number, while less pretending travellers pass onward more quietly, more cheaply, more satisfactorily, and less observed.

The English again are the most restless of travellers; they hurry, scurry, fly from place to place, and cause more postillions' whips to crack, than all other travellers under Heaven. Foreigners, on visiting watering places, generally resort

direct to the one at which they remain for the summer. The English fly from Spa to Aix-la-Chapelle, thence to Ems, Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, and Baden; and then scour over Switzerland into France or Italy. In looking carefully over the book of arrivals at the most frequented hotels, I have generally found the number of English names about half the whole; and judging that from foreign travellers moving over a less space of territory, and from their frequenting less expensive hotels than the English, I conclude that the actual number of British travellers are in proportion to those of other countries as not more than one to three, and then only on the great roads. During winter the English abroad, with the exception of some families of very moderate means, thinly sprinkled in the provincial towns of France or Belgium, crowd together in three or four capitals—at Paris, Rome, Naples, and Brussels. Therefore, although there may be just objection to the amount of money spent profusely abroad, and drawn from a poor tenantry at home, yet there is, after all, but little ground for alarm on the score of absenteeism; and as

Englishmen, whether landlords or tenants, peers or commoners, while they retain the spirit, whims, good sense, ostentation, liberality, or curiosity, that characterise them, and the means of paying their way, will move where they please, no one has any pretension or right to be angry at their absence :—neither would it be wise to legislate on the subject.

WATERLOO.

How many thousands have visited and continue to visit, without understanding their object, without thinking and without instruction, this *ci-devant* political play-ground—this, for a day *rouge et noir*, green and yellow covered, gambling table, on which the winners, especially the English players, have been as completely loo'd in blood as, and more so in treasure than, the defeated.

Little do nations consider what the consequences of war are, and less do kings and ministers, as a general rule, care. The philosopher and philanthropist, who examines the causes which excite or compel human beings to destroy one another, is convinced that the prince who declares war, or in other words, who, by virtue of that power, which accident, despotism, or the confidence of the nation he rules over, puts him in possession of, places the lives and property of his

subjects in jeopardy, by the mere absolute act of declaring war, either for the purpose of augmenting his dominions, or from the equally cursed passion of ambition, or from any other cause but the well-defined purpose of defence and protection, is a traitor who has forfeited every right and confidence; that he and each of his responsible ministers are as fully guilty of high treason, and crimes, for which they should be as certainly and as severely judged and punished, as the pirate, who in the confidence of the speed of his vessel, his own daring spirit, and the courage of his crew, infests, plunders, and murders all less powerful than himself on the surface of the ocean.

The drive through the forest of Soignée is charming; and we, like others, have visited the once gory, but in my estimation far from glorious, field of Waterloo. I am far from being one of that number who pass "indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue." But to me the richly waving cornfields, the industrious cultivators, the flocks and herds, the habitations and the now

undisturbed happy condition of the peasantry of Waterloo, and its vicinity, are infinitely more glorious and noble than its battle day, and its warriors. The people in the neighbouring villages are thriving farmers; their houses, their barns, and cattle houses, are substantial and commodious. The fields yield plentiful crops; and their farms are abundantly stocked with horses, horned cattle, sheep, and swine—are not these things of more use to mankind, of more important inquiry, than all the battles won or lost by Napoleon or by Wellington? This is no cant, and who will dare to say that it is not philosophy?

TERVUEREN.

THE forest of Soignée affords delightful nooks for short excursions, *pic nics* and *fêtes champêtres*. — On Sundays its avenues and retirements are much resorted to by the Bruxellois.

Embosomed within this majestic wood stands the unpretending but elegant palace and neat village of Tervueren. We visited it on a Sunday in company with a Dutch family and some of their friends from Antwerp. The road through the forest, chiefly of magnificent oak and beech trees, and for a part through villages and farms, is exceedingly pleasant and picturesque —on arriving at Tervueren, we put up our horses and carriages at the principal Inn—a very good one; and after ordering dinner to be prepared on our return, we walked over a neat bridge to the palace and were shown its elegant apartments,

all in the same condition as when left by the Princess of Orange.

From the palace we sallied forth to the gardens and park, visited the aviary and the stables, saw the stud of the prince, and the horse he rode at Waterloo; entered the forest; wandered about; and returned, by the side of the basin opposite the palace, to our hotel. An excellent dinner awaited our keenly whetted appetites at the appointed hour. Delicious Bordeaux and piquant Champagne, gave, it is needless to say, zest and spirit to a sumptuous repast—we sat for more than an hour over the dessert and wine. On the Continent, singing and dancing on the Sunday afternoons are not considered more offensive to the Deity, than talking scandal or drinking gin in England. The ladies of our party and more than one gentleman first sang two or three solos, a duet, and what is more rare a glee—we then retreated to a large garden attached to the hotel; had coffee, and some of us a *petit verre* or *chasse café*; danced a couple of quadrilles, and gallopaded on the grass, while the hostlers were getting ready the carriages; and then drove

back to Brussels during the beautiful twilight of a most delightful summer's evening. A more pleasant, and according to my moral theory, a more harmless, Sunday, I have not or could not have spent.

BRUSSELS TO LIEGE.

We have not chosen the most picturesque or agreeable, but the shortest road to the old and celebrated city of Liege. The country to Louvain is, however, undulated and highly cultivated. At the latter town we halted to breakfast, and to see its richly gothic Hôtel de Ville. Louvain was celebrated at an early period for manufacturing industry, and is remarkable as the place in which history first records a combination of tradesmen striking for wages. In 1382, fifteen-thousand weavers, clothiers, and other workmen, revolted against their employers, attacked the Hôtel de Ville and threw the magistrates from the windows into the Grand Place. Many of the revolters were soon after killed, and the remainder expelled Louvain. After enduring great misery, being hunted from place to place, they finally settled in foreign countries—chiefly as journeymen weavers and clothiers in England. The

present bourgeois of Louvain are considered not very amenable; they are chiefly employed in the breweries—200,000 casks of the beer of which are annually produced; that named Pieterman is the best, which, with the others called Faro and Lambeek, constitute the principal drink of the Belgians; there are also cotton and woollen factories not at present in active operation, and several tan yards.

The University of Louvain, one of three which Belgium possesses, had in the time of Charles V. forty Colleges. At present it is little more than an ill-managed theological academy.

From Louvain to Liege, although a great part of the soil is naturally light and sterile, the country is now well cultivated; the harvest has been abundant and the crops we saw on the ground heavy. The same kind of short scythe and hooked stick are used, as in Flanders, for cutting down the corn; and the sheep in like manner are turned over the stubble to nibble and bite up every blade of clover or green grass that may be found, before the surface is ploughed over, as is the practice, without delay. The one-

handled plough, with shifting mould-board and heavy wheels, dragged by two horses only, is in general use. Lime is applied in great quantities to manure the soil. We observed, besides the ordinary corn and vegetable crops, some excellent hemp, flax, hops, beet, and a little tobacco. The barns are large; the cottages clean and comfortable: and the peasantry well clad. The men wear over their other habiliments, the blouse or blue linen frock, common to Germany, Holland, and a great part of France.

Near Tirlemont we passed those monticules which are believed to be the tombs of warriors killed in battle during the early ages; for even then this country was a "prize-fighting ground."

The approach to Liege, over imposing heights crested with strong fortifications, is magnificently picturesque, and overlooks a splendid landscape, which comprehends the vallies and hills of the Meuse, Ourthe, and Vesdre.

LIEGE.

We put up, not at the Hôtel or Pavilion d'Angleterre as was recommended to us on leaving Brussels, but at the Aigle Noir. My reason for not going to the former was not from any bad report, but from experience having taught me that, as a general rule, hotels with professed names of foreign places, particularly of England, savour of a design, which the bill often justifies, upon the pockets of travellers; and in the next place, because I have often found the first hotels to be the worst houses: showy at the *port cochers*; showy in the dress and aspect of the waiters, whose business it is to receive you on arriving; showy on the stairs and in most of the rooms: but, in practice, the waiters prove careless and inattentive; the chambermaids, after you are first shown your bed-room, become indifferent as to whether you have clean towels or pure water; and the land-

lord becomes seemingly careless about anything except swelling the amount of your bill, which he contrives, if possible, not to let you have till your luggage is about to be carried down and the horses are in the carriage.

Generally speaking, however, these charges do not apply to Belgium, for no where on the Continent have I met with so much comfort, or so many intrinsically good things, with so little imposition, as we have at the inns wherever we have put up in this country.

This city is the Birmingham, and somewhat more, of Belgium—coal and iron in the heart of a fertile agricultural country, through which a magnificent navigable river flows to the ocean, forming natural resources of the highest order, gave birth to and reared manufactories of all kinds of iron, tin, copper, brass, and lead; fabrics of glass, delftware, and jewellery; of woollens, linens and cottons; of paper, hats, and leather; of alum, sulphur, chicory, and syrups; of soap, candles, tobacco, and perfumeries.

The bituminous coal of the neighbourhood, running in strata of from four to eleven feet, is

mined by a company liable only for the amount of their respective shares. It makes excellent coke, and is delivered near the river at the pits for six to eight francs per ton : four francs more will transport it to Liege.

The most important establishment that I have seen is the steam engine manufactory at Seraing, the cidevant country residence of the sovereign bishops of Liege. Lately the scale of operations has been greatly reduced ; but still I find, that almost every article of ironwork and cutlery is made here. The coal raised, the coke made, the iron smelted, puddled, rolled, and wrought. The engines are equal to any made ; and are sold at about 40*l*. per horse power. The King of the Netherlands was half concerned in this vast foundry and factory—the Belgian government have assumed the succession to it.

The gun manufactory at Val Benoit ; the glass works at Val St. Laurent, once the retreat of the wealthy monks of St. Bernard ; the woollen and spinning manufactories of Messrs. Vanderstraatan, established in a former large convent ;

are well worth a visit—infinitely more so than all the old churches on the Continent.

It is, however, rather surprising that notwithstanding the cheapness of bread, the abundance of excellent coal and iron, and the much lower price of labour at Liege, that we in England manufacture almost every article of cutlery at a cost which enables dealers to sell Birmingham and Sheffield goods in almost every hardware shop in Liege. It must also be admitted that the beautiful guns and pistols with percussion locks and twisted barrels, and every other article made at Liege appear in quality and beauty quite equal to the fabrics of either England or France. Coal and iron are found interstratified near Liege, but the latter not in sufficient abundance; and the expense of carrying the ore to the coal mines partly enhances the price of iron, and in consequence all articles made of it. Several of the steam engine manufactories and iron foundries, which were ready to be lighted up in 1830, are still idle. There seems much apprehension among the manufacturers as to the

demand for their goods diminishing still more; and one of the principal persons here, told me yesterday, "were it not for the order given lately by the King of Holland, for fifty thousand muskets, half the gunsmiths would be out of employment." Of the industry and commerce of Belgium I will again speak, and will therefore not swell my notes further by repetitions.

Vessels or large boats of about three hundred tons navigate the Meuse below, and of about one hundred tons, above the town. The market women wear huge hats, and they and the stout women who work in the forges are strikingly grotesque. Eatables of all kinds are excellent and plentiful; we are much pleased with our hotel—in all France I know of none equal to it, where cleanliness, comfort, good fare, and moderate charges are all combined. There is an air of activity unknown in all the other towns of Belgium still pervading Liege. It has some striking edifices, and Sir Walter Scott has immortalized its castle. It is also one of the three university towns, but as far as I can learn the course of instruction is wretched. This rule

will always hold true wherever princes or priests have the control and direction of public education. I have no objection to the priest, it matters not of what confession of faith, so that it be that of their pupils, having the religious branch of instruction placed in their hands, if the parents of children are of the same opinion; but what in the name of common sense can justify the arrogance of churchmen, Protestant or Catholic, who, as a body, would, like those of Belgium, assume the whole management of public instruction, mathematics, jurisprudence, philosophy, surgery, the arts, book-keeping, mechanics, and whatever mother church, or *alma mater*, may please to acknowledge or deny?

As I have for a long time been, and am, engaged in making general statistical researches, for purposes entirely unconnected with these notes, I may probably, hereafter, incorporate with them a brief view of the state of public instruction in the countries I travel over.

LIEGE TO SPA AND AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE new macadamized road from Liege to Verviers, and that branching from it to Spa, lead over one of the most beautifully picturesque districts in Europe. The first winds along the fertile vallies of the Vesdre, the other bends off following the steep glen of the little river Weze. For the greater part we have on each side vast masses of dark limestone. In the vicinity of Spa, schistus often inclining to mica, and combined with iron, predominates. The same stratum bursts out, interrupting the limestone, as the road curves along from Verviers to Eupon, between high wooded hills, green glens, houses, and gardens.

As my object this season has been to make myself acquainted with the resources of Holland, to enter which we found it indispensible to

travel by way of the Rhine, there being no admission direct from Belgium, and as my plan is to visit Germany and Switzerland next summer, we only stopped at Spa one day merely to observe whether it was sufficiently interesting to make it a resting place in our next year's route. We put up at the Hôtel d'Orange, where we were comfortably lodged, and fared well; we drank the water of the celebrated Pouhan; had a peep at the gamblers; lounged in the four and seven o'clock promenades; ascended the height to the mountain Pavillion—and then posted on to the industrious town of Verviers, where we remained a short time to see one of its principal cloth manufactories. The cloth, made at Verviers appeared to me equal in quality to the best made in Yorkshire. They are dyed in the wool, and all colours have a brown or yellow selvage. From the statements made me by one of the principal manufacturers, which also corresponded with the information given me by the landlord of the Hôtel de Flandre, the low price of provisions, and consequently that of labour, and the abundance of coal and water power, sufficiently

account for the wealth and prosperity of this large manufacturing town.

The road is Macadamized, the country picturesque and beautiful, especially at Limburg, and until we reach the Prussian frontier, near the cloth-manufacturing town of Eupon. We found the Prussian officers and douaniers very civil, they scarcely examined our luggage, and occasioned us little or no delay with our passport. We travelled with the same horses which we hired at Spa, all the way to Aix-la-Chapelle; to which, from Eupon, the soil is light and the scenery tame: but the entrance to and the situation of the famed city of Charlemagne will not disappoint those who travel in search of the picturesque.

We put up at the Grande Monarque, where we arrived just in time to secure a good front apartment; the fashionable season having filled every decent hotel in the town. A knight of well known legal abilities, with his lady and family, whom we had met at Liege, and who had arrived a few minutes after us, had to put up with very inferior rooms.

The Cathedral, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Louisberg are all well worth visiting—even by infidels like me, who put no faith in relics, and believe not one word of what the person who shows them solemnly says is "the girdle of Christ; the linen in which his body was wrapped; the cord which bound him; some of the manna of the wilderness; a piece of Aaron's rod; the cloth on which John the Baptist was beheaded; a vial with the perspiration of Jesus," nor yet swallow the story as gravely told, that when Leo III. consecrated the church in 804, he considered the attendance of three-hundred and forty-five arch-bishops and bishops necessary at the ceremony, and that when two of this number were found wanting, two bishops of Tongres who had long been dead and buried at Maestricht, considerately arose, and assuming the places of the two truants, assisted politely at the ceremony, and disappeared, as became them, immediately after the benediction. This is much of a piece with the tomb of the three kings, Melchior, Balthazar and Gaspar by name, which was shown in the Cathedral of Cologne,

which now you are told contains only their sculls.

These abominable impositions which priests and kings have made such abundant and successful use of, ought, even for the decency of religion, to be for ever closed from view. But as the exposition of them, and of the crowns and jewels said to have been presented by Mary Queen of Scots, to the Virgin and Child, and a thousand other offerings in gold, silver, and precious stones made to the church, bring in no small annual revenue to the priests, therein centre the philosophy and piety of the imposture.

The scull of Charlemagne, capped with gold; his arm-bone, which we see through a glass, within a case shaped like a hand; his immense ivory hunting-horn; the tomb in which his body was interred, sitting in full imperial robes on the throne, which is still shown, are (or at least we have no reason to doubt the fact) realities which may interest the antiquary and historian.

There is nothing to me more tedious than reading the descriptions in which all the guide books and most tours abound, of old churches,

castles, and public edifices. On the spot such details are instructive, but, as forming part of a book, there are few subjects so tiresome.

We visited the Hôtel de Ville, part of which (the tower of Granus) is said to have been built by the Romans. It contains the coronation hall in which the famed treaties were signed. We also walked to the Louisberg, a beautiful eminence which was greatly beautified under Napoleon; tasted the highly impregnated sulphureous hot water, which has the flavour of gunpowder mixed with rotten eggs; lounged into the magnificent Rédoute, one of the brilliant saloons of which were filled with gamblers, among whom were persons whose faces I well knew, and whose votes by proxy were, on that very evening, passing or rejecting laws for the benefit or damage of the British Empire: there were also "ladies," not then "bright" but "of high degree," yet mingled at play with some seven black-legs not unknown at Newmarket. We also drove over to Borcette, a watering place close by, almost rivalling, and in many respects preferable to, the imperial city.

Aix-la-Chapelle has one splendid street or place in which is the very handsome theatre; another very broad, called Frederic William's Platz, in which is the principal well and *café*, with sufficient attractions and extravagance to draw thither all who delight in gambling, dissipation, and intrigue.

Were it not for the latter circumstances and the extravagance of the hotels, Aix-la-Chapelle would be a delightful place. As respects the bulk of the inhabitants they are industriously employed: partly in the cloth and numerous other factories which formerly flourished, died away, reappeared under Napoleon, and now seem to be thriving under Frederick; and partly as cultivators of the lands adjacent to the town; the remainder live by ministering to the gratification, ostentation, and vanity of travellers—especially the English. I have conversed with few rational persons on the Continent, who have been at Aix-la-Chapelle, that have not considered it the most extravagant place, and the inns when full the most unsatisfactory.

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AIX-LA-CHAPELLE TO COLOGNE.

I do not recollect having ever travelled over a less interesting country than the flat, sandy, almost woodless region that extends from Aix-la-Chapelle to the Rhine. From the light and sterile nature of the soil it seems unaccountable how it has produced the crops of tolerable wheat and oats which the peasantry are now cutting down.

Having engaged a heavy good-natured German, with his rather handsome calash, and two well-formed horses, to carry us to Cologne, forty-four English miles, in one day for seven thalers (about a guinea), we started in the morning, and halted occasionally at two or three villages to see the habitations of the peasantry and their mode of living. With the exception, at all times, of unhappy Ireland, I have neither in Europe nor in America discovered human beings so miserably lodged, so badly clad, nor the aspect and persons of the inhabitants more wretched and dirty. The women are perfect drudges, raggedly clad; their

bare feet and ancles, and those of their children, exhibiting a coating of dirt in scurfy layers. I discovered their food to be very scanty—a little milk and vegetables, and a meagre supply of bread form their portion of what the soil yields—the proprietor absorbing all the fat of the land, and all the profit arising from the breeding of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The people live generally in villages; and the houses consist of little more than one apartment, in which, amidst vermin and filth, the family huddle together. All Rhenish Prussia, west of the Rhine, is much in the same condition. There frequently occur farms on a large scale, much on the same plan as in Scotland, where one man either possesses or more generally rents two or three hundred acres, and cultivates the land by means of hired labour. The people who work on such farms are, even in Scotland, pinched as to the means of living. In the country which we have just traversed, where the inhabitants still observe tenaciously all the holidays of the church, they are absolutely reduced to the smallest pittance on which life can be supported; and at the same time their naked-

ness is scarcely half covered. We dined very well in rather a mean inn at Juliers, one of "my uncle Toby's" strong places, fortified after the manner of Vauban, and situated almost in the midst of a vast marsh. We halted also at the little town of Bergheim to bait our horses, that is, to break up a loaf of brown bread for them to eat, which enables them to endure great fatigue. The landlord of the Red-house hotel, where we stopped, I found intelligent, and one of the very few persons who will venture to speak freely on the government of the country. He was evidently uneasy under the Prussian rule; and the sum of his observations was, "if we are content to be driven by, and neither to think or act except as, the king chooses, there is then no cause of complaint: but my mother has lived in this house under three governments, and we will never die Prussians."

The only interesting point of view on the road is on ascending a small sand-stone height, within eight miles of Cologne and the Rhine:—the blue elevation of the Drachenfels rising far in the south-east; a broad alluvial plain, highly cul-

tivated, extending twenty-five miles to Bonn; the domes and spires of Cologne, and the highlands to the east, forming a magnificent and picturesque landscape.

Of this ancient city, so conveniently situated on the banks of the Rhine for commerce; of its not half-finished, but as far as built, remarkably beautiful Cathedral; of the tomb of the Magi; of the scull of St. Ursula, and those of her eleven thousand virgins all piled up in the chapel of that damsel; of the house in which Rubens was born, and in which Mary de Medicis died; of the tomb of Duns Scotus; of the Roman gateway and temple; of the crucifixion of St. Peter by Rubens; or of any of the other remarkable churches and edifices, I will say nothing further than that we visited nearly all, and were not, however incredulous we may be, disappointed.

Every street and turn in Cologne unfold aspects of departed grandeur. Its decline dates from the expulsion of the Protestants, who carried to other places their wealth, and their manufacturing spirit. So much for the benefits of a religion with temporal power.

I know of few towns so dirty. All the water of Farina and his imitators, sprinkled daily in its streets would do little towards purifying its stinking exhalations.

We put up, as recommended, at the Imperial Hotel, said to be the best house, although in a dirty narrow street. The king's second son with his suite as Viceroy of Rhenish Prussia, has his quarters in this house; consequently, in a country where any titled person diverts all attention from plebeian travellers, we had no reason to hope for even common attendance. Two good rooms with clean beds we however secured; supper which we ordered at nine o'clock, having dined very early, was brought up at nearly eleven; and on leaving we paid a bill unmercifully extravagant. Whether we paid the usual charges of the house, or double, for having the honour of sleeping for a night under the same roof with a Prussian Prince, we resolved never again to lodge at the Imperial Hotel to ascertain.

HASTY EXCURSION FROM COLOGNE TO EHRENBREITSTEIN, NASSAU, AND MAYENCE.

HAVING resolved to make a hasty excursion, merely to glance at the borders of the Rhine and the walls of Nassau, with the view of choosing, on a future route, the best mode of travelling and the most pleasant resting places, we left Cologne for Bonn, where, after travelling over a flat corn country, apparently, from its formation, formerly covered with water, we arrived in time to visit the University and Botanic garden. We put up at the Star, a very good hotel. Next morning we ascended the eminence which commands a beautiful view of the seven mountains and the Rhine. Soon after our return the steam-boat arrived from Cologne, and we embarked for Coblentz.

Bold and picturesque as the scenery of the Rhine is, particularly the more striking features of the Drachenfels, Godesberg, Rolandseck, Sonnenberg, and Ehrenbreitstein, I must own that I was disappointed. From description and from drawings I was previously impressed with the expectation of greater sublimity and grandeur; and I had, in America and in the United Kingdom, been made familiar with more prominent and sublime landscapes. Until I see more of the country and ascend some of the heights, I will say nothing further of the scenery.

The deck and cabins of our steam-boat were filled with passengers; the vessel is well fitted up; there is a *table d'hôte* on board, but, owing to there being no competition, the fares are high, and the stewards neither attentive nor civil.

Among the passengers were four Scotch boys, the eldest not more than fourteen; three of them had been previously acquainted with each other, and were travelling or voyaging without any attendants, in order to learn the German

language, and to complete their education at the Moravian Academy, Nieuwid, where we landed them: the tears on their parting trickled down the fourth boy's cheek, now left by himself to find his way to a school at Hanau, near Frankfort. It was not, however, any fear as to the road or distance that made him weep, but the separation from his lately-formed acquaintances;—the other boys seemed equally affected.

There were on board, besides several English families, a Dutch gentleman, his wife, and two daughters. The Scotch plaid cloaks of the latter, and the interest which the family took in the Caledonian lads, induced me to believe them also from the land of cakes. I was not altogether mistaken, and on my wife and Madame C. entering into conversation, we found the latter to be the daughter of the late Scottish Earl of ———, and born in Scotland. That nobleman died at the court of Prussia. The acquaintance which we formed with this family afforded us great pleasure. Mr. C., who had much to do with the direction under the government

of the University of Utrecht, spoke English and other languages fluently; was remarkably intelligent on most subjects; and I owe him much for the information he gave me relative to public and private instruction; the arts and sciences in Holland, and also in Prussia and the German States, with all of which he is intimately acquainted.

On the stupendous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein (broad stone of honour) and Coblentz bursting into the prospect, Mr. C. proposed that, instead of going to one of the hotels in the town, we should cross over the bridge of boats to the Weisen Ross (White Horse) an excellent house, which overlooks the Rhine, and stands immediately under the crest of the Citadel. This we did, and were fortunate enough to find good rooms fronting the river. We remained three days at Ehrenbreitstein, and were permitted to see the interior of the fortress, the works of which are on a scale of extraordinary magnitude and strength; but of which I will say, at present, nothing further. We made excursions to the Ironworks in the valley of Sayn; and enjoyed

several delightful drives in the neighbourhood of Coblentz and the Citadel—all in company with Mr. C. and family. We found our accommodations at the Weisen Ross excellent. The principal officers of the citadel dined at the *table d'hôte*. Sitting, on the second day, at dinner next to the accomplished and agreeable lady of the colonel of engineers, on her observing my wife and Madame C—— in conversation, she asked me in French, "if Madame M—— was not talking to Lady K——?" I answered, "that she was, to the daughter of the late Earl of K——." "I was sure of it," she replied, "although it is now more than twenty years since I, then a little girl, used to see her at my father's house in Berlin —pray introduce us to each other." I did so; the re-acquaintance was delightful to all parties, and we had, in consequence, further cause to regret that time urged our separation from the high-bred and delightful circle which we left at Ehrenbreitstein.

We hired a calash, and drove over a beautifully undulated country to the romantic valley

of Ems, where we slept at the Russian hotel; a superb house, but rather expensive. The *table d'hôte* dinner was excellent; opposite me, at table, sat the historian of Charlemagne and author of Richelieu. On Mr. James, who is one of the most unobtrusive men I know of, talking to me on the geology and mineralogy of Nassau, a vulgar and ignorant Baronet, known as the proprietor of some Welsh mines, made, I think, with the utmost assumption, the most blundering remarks perhaps ever uttered. There were also at table more than one English peer and peeress whose faces I knew, nor can I say that the conversation of the former, if understood by foreigners, would heighten the estimation of British character; while the sickly visages of the latter too plainly indicated that they had not long escaped from the unnatural dissipations of a gay and fashionable London season.

We were charmed with the sublime and rich scenery as we travelled on by Nassau to Schwalbach, and thence to Weisbaden. We halted at Schwalbach to walk up its charming valley, and

to drink from each of its three celebrated springs. At Weisbaden we remained only to sip a glassful of the boiling broth of the Hoch Brunnen, and to be pleased with the general aspect of the place; after which, by a good road, leading for eight miles amidst luxuriant orchards and vineyards, we drove to Mayence, where we put up at the Three Crowns, one of the dirtiest inns in Europe, and in the beds of which, alone, had we in all our travels been annoyed with bugs.

At Mayence, as at Coblentz and Cologne, there is a bridge of boats over the Rhine. On the quays there appeared much more of trading, activity, and life, than either of the latter cities. Austrian troops, in their white uniforms and black gaiters, and Prussian and Hessian soldiers, seemed to have filled the town. After visiting the chief edifices, which are less interesting than in most old cities, and traversing the principal streets, which are very dirty, and completing several inquiries relative to its trade, chiefly as a place of transit, we found, although the

society is said to be very agreeable, little to induce us, even if we had time at our disposal, to remain longer, or yet to tempt us on a future occasion to revisit Mayence.

THE RHINE—VOYAGE FROM MAYENCE TO ROTTERDAM.

ALTHOUGH I have floated on the largest rivers in America, I do not think the Rhine, though inferior in magnitude, less interesting. From the time we trace its birth rushing from the glaciers of the Alps, and accompany its growth, flowing through the Boden sea, or lake of Constance, and then thundering over the rocks of Schaffhausen, and foaming and dashing westward over ledges and obstructions to Bâle, and then again northward to Mayence, and through the Bingenloch to Coblentz, it is one of the clearest and most beautiful streams in the world. The brown waters of the Moselle then tinge its transparency: still its mighty flowing volume is neither muddy nor sluggish; and, although the canals and hydraulic works of the Dutch absorb and divide its stream, and almost rob it of its name, yet it retains a vast body of magnificence even

where at Rotterdam it flows onwards, mingling with the Maaes, into the profound forgetfulness of the ocean.

We left Mayence in the steam-boat early in the morning; the day was remarkably fine, and the quarter-deck rather crowded with respectable looking passengers, half of whom were English; among whom, I am, for this time, happy to observe, there were none of the ignorant-wealthy, nor of the ridiculous would-be-fashionable fine people. The descent by steam is too rapid to enjoy fully the beauties of the Rhine; and we accordingly determined to halt where the packets usually stop, waiting until the succeeding day for the following steam-boat. The valley of the Rhine, or Rheingau, is perhaps the most fertile district in Germany. Nothing can exceed the luxuriant beauty of its varied scenery. We have alluvial islands, old ruins, and the modern Palace of Biberich; the mountain and celebrated vineyard of Johannisberg, presented by the Emperor of Austria to Metternich; Rudesheim, and several villages: woods, vineyards, and cornfields, until the hills,

advancing to the river's brink, almost inclose us at the very romantically-situated town of Bingen.

The scenery, the valley, and the river at Bingen, unfolds a delightful landscape; the stream is rapid, and rolls and boils over rocks and ridges through the Bingenloch.

The valley and alluvions near the banks of the Rhine from Bingen to Basel, in Switzerland, appear to have been at one time a vast lake, and its geological structure justifies the conclusion, that a convulsion has disturbed the mountains and bed of the Rhine near Bingen, and let loose and lowered the waters previously held above. Charlemagne improved the navigation, yet it was not until the thirteenth century that large boats could ascend. We found at Bingen rather an active trade in corn, wine, brandy, salt, pearl-ash, and other articles; and the White Horse near the river is a very good inn. The excursion up the valley of the Nahe from Bingen is described as remarkably picturesque; there are extensive salt-works and tan-yards not far from Nahe: and the rich coal-

mines of Alsenz are at no great distance. The most remarkable objects on the banks of the Rhine from Bingen to Coblentz are the numerous castles in ruins, perched on the most difficult heights; the little towns in vassalage beneath; the bold rocks and elevations, particularly the precipitous Lurlei; the Bingenloch, a rapid, whirling over rocky ledges in the river; the Maus (or Rat) tower, an old toll-house. Even to name the numerous little towns would be tedious; they have nearly all the same aspect —houses with white walls and dark blue slated roofs; a church with a blue-topped tower or spire, all in a valley or an alluvial spot beneath a mountain or cliff crested with ruins. Bacharach, Oberwesel, and St. Goar, are the largest towns, and the guide books of course describe them all.

We were delighted with the scenery, and entertained with the conversation of several agreeable and intelligent passengers; one of whom, a learned German, now residing in London, mentioned on our passing the Lurlei, near Oberwesel, where there is a remarkably distinct echo,

"that those joyous youths, the Burschen, who frequently go up and down the river by the steam-boats, having made it a rule, on approaching the Lurlei, to roar out, 'who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel,' the echo, true to the last sound, repeated 'Esel,' *i.e.* ass." This so annoyed the worthy magistrate, that he petitioned the King of Prussia, I know not with what success, on the subject. We could not help remarking, wherever the steam-boat stopped, that the inhabitants on the west, or Catholic banks, of the Rhine were in a much more wretched condition in their habitations and persons than on the east, or Protestant side. What can this be owing to, for the government makes no distinction? It is attributed to the great portion of time abstracted from their occupations by the observance of holidays. The subject is worthy of further inquiry; and not less so is the cause of the general aspect of poverty that prevails among the inhabitants of a country which presents naturally all the elements of comfortable subsistence and wealth. The most useful minerals—coal, iron, and salt, at least an average share of fertile soil,

a sufficient quantity of excellent timber, a climate that will, in most places, ripen not only grapes, but all the productions of England; and a large navigable river, with numerous lesser streams, are the general natural advantages of the countries bordering the Rhine, from Mayence to Cologne, and yet the people, particularly on the western banks, exhibit striking characteristics of poverty.

We put up again at the Weisen Ross beneath Ehrenbreitstein, but our social circle had vanished; strange faces occupied their apartments and their places at the *table d'hôte;* and, next morning, Sunday, we departed by the steam-boat for Cologne, where we arrived in the afternoon: and having secured a cheerful room, overhanging the mighty river, in the Hotel der Grosser Rhinberg, we walked out, and crossed over the bridge of boats, to the town of Deutz; then, as is usual on Sunday evening, the favourite promenade of the most gaily dressed citizens. The scene was animated, especially on our return, when the twilight closed, and a full band, stationed in a tea-garden, played some beautiful pieces from the first German composers; and when, as we

sat at the balcony of our room, the many-lighted windows of the opposite town of Deutz were brilliantly reflected in the full-flowing Rhine.

Next morning at six o'clock we embarked on board a Dutch steam-boat, a black vessel, not so handsome, but quite equal in accommodation, and the stewards much more civil than those of the Prussian boats. On leaving Cologne, the Rhine loses its picturesque beauty. Low grassy banks, and lands still lower within them, with here and there a village, a steeple, a town, a flying-bridge, and the inland country completely lost to sight; the shores not muddy; the water rather clear; boats, some small and some carrying three or four hundred tons, either towed up by horses, carried down by the stream, or impelled by the wind; and probably, now and then one of those huge timber rafts with their huts and inhabitants floating downwards to Dordrecht, are the features of Rhenish scenery from Cologne to Holland.

Among the passengers on board was the Earl of W——, on his way from Switzerland to England. I had much conversation with him about public men and public measures in England,

which it would be improper for me to note down, but which I shall not forget. He is a very different man from what the newspapers represent him, and although our political ideas do not harmonize, I believe he, individually, was in no way concerned in the corruption practised during the last election for the borough of W——.

There were on board a conspicuous couple; an Englishman of about sixty, stout and strong, and apparently brought up to a sea life, and a woman whom he called wife. They said that they lived in Guernsey, had been on their travels, visited Naples, Rome, and Venice, crossed Piedmont, traversed Switzerland, and were now on their way to Rotterdam, from whence to embark for their home. He, from roving about the world, although vulgar and uneducated, was not exactly ignorant. She, half his age, was the most ungainly lump on earth, yet she evidently held him in full subjection. No coquette or whimsical lady ever played their part with more success than this coarse dame, in frightening her lord to humour all her fancies. What could they be

travelling over the Continent for? I suspect that at home he is a smuggler. Ignorant of the languages, illicit trade could not be their object in the centre of Europe. The probability seemed that she being the ruling governor, he travelled to please her, and she, as it proved, would travel as great people do on the occurrence of a certain great affair. In truth, they were a wedded pair, and this was their marriage excursion. We stopped at Dusseldorff, rather an active entrepôt, to exchange three manufacturers from Elberfeldt for two old women and a fair plump lass who were going to Cleves, and we halted also at Wesel to receive and land passengers. On entering Holland we landed at the Douane or Custom-house near Emmerich, where we were previously taught to expect a very minute scrutiny, and also trouble with our passports; they, however, scarcely looked at our luggage, and as to our passports, they gave us no trouble whatever. We arrived an hour before sunset at Nimeguen, an old but clean and handsome town. We were recommended to the Belle Vue, but we can say little for its accommodations. The rooms offered

us were miserable cells. Lord W—— offered us the apartment allotted him—it was worse than those shown us; we at last, however, got better apartments, which were, we found, retained in expectation of rather a larger party. The house was also noisy, and the person who brought our passports, an evident *attaché* of the hotel, was an impudent dog, who endeavoured to subject us to a most unreasonable and unjust charge. This inn and entrée to the first town in which we slept under the dominion of William of Orange, were certainly not favourable to sanguine prepossessions; but we will have patience, and neither prejudge nor lose our temper.

NIMEGUEN.

We are now in Holland, and yet Nimeguen is not in aspect exactly a Dutch town. Its site, at the extremity of a sandstone ridge (studded occasionally with a detached block of granite) which forms an elevation between the Rhine and Meuse, is undulated, and from an old watch-tower, to which we walked and ascended, we have a very extensive view, in which the Guelderland hills, so boasted of as romantic by the Dutch, are seen rising over the flat country to the north.

The Rhine is here called the Waahl, and is crossed to the opposite village of Lint by means of a flying-bridge. It looks as large as ever, notwithstanding the great body of its waters which, some leagues above, parts off to the north, and then dividing, partly for the Zuyder Zee, and partly after passing Arnheim, into two branches, one by the name of the Leck towards Rotterdam,

the other, retaining its original name, to Utrecht: passing through which it again divides, the greater portion flowing under the name of the Vecht, to the north, and then separating into three branches falls into the Zuyder Zee; the other or Alt Rhein descending slowly through Leyden into the German ocean. The Waahl is generally considered to have been at first a canal cut by the Romans.

Few towns have been subjected to greater vicissitudes than Nimeguen. A strong Roman post under Julius Cæsar; an imperial city under, and long after, Charlemagne; often conquered and reconquered by Spaniards, Dutch, Germans, and French, its favourable position for commerce and for interrupting the navigation of the Rhine subjected it frequently to great calamity during political disturbances. In history the celebrated treaties ratified here will always be remembered. A ruined fortress built in the time of Julius Cæsar, its gothic Hôtel de Ville, with its curious museum, its cathedral, and many striking edifices, impart to it anything but a Dutch aspect. Yet it is a remarkably clean

town; its position ensures it, as a great thoroughfare, and a general entrepôt, prosperity in peace and importance, but not happiness, in times of war. It is strongly fortified, has some thriving manufactories of cloth, copper-works, several tanneries, breweries, soap, and salt-works. On walking to a beautiful promenade, we discovered what Madame C—— told us—that the young men of the first families were cheerfully serving in the ranks. Five or six squads were at the time drilling, and the youthful volunteers, evidently just commencing to learn their exercises, were filled with spirited enthusiasm, and from the fine quality of their uniforms, apparently dressed at their parents' expense.

The cleanliness and beauty which pervades the town did not, except in our bed-rooms, characterize our hotel. I should, from all appearances, have judged that we were deceived in choosing it; yet there were seeming contradictions to this conclusion. In travelling, I have always found it useful, in collecting information and catching manners "living as they rise," to dine or sup at the *table d'hôte*. There came

down the Rhine on board our packet-boat, three learned professors, one of them highly and justly celebrated (from the University of Utrecht)—two genteel families, and a highly-bred young nobleman, all Dutch. On our returning from a long promenade to the hotel, the landlord asked, if we would sup at the *table d'hôte*. Having dined well on board the steam-ship, we declined, but had excellent tea, bread and butter, and some very fine smoked salmon served up in our apartment. I, however, went afterwards to see how matters were managed at the general supper table. The feast was then nearly over, and the lords of the creation were beginning, without leaving the table, to adjust and fill their *meerschaums* from very ample tobacco pouches—spitting-boxes were then arranged, and smoking soon became general. The softer sex asked for tea, which they slowly sipped; most of the men had before them at the same time gin-and-water or strong beer; clouds of smoke soon filled the room; the candles looked like light-houses in a fog; meanwhile two women standing in the passage were playing, one on a fiddle, the other on a violoncello. Three

or four small pans, filled with burning peat-cinders, were at the same time carried round, and the ladies, to whom they were presented, had them placed on the floor, and shoved under their petticoats. Half choked amidst the fumes of gin and smoke, I left them all soon after,—the professors, young nobleman, and all the men in the full enjoyment of Scheidam and *meerschaums;* and the ladies, like Rachel, sitting over her father's household gods, indulging in the supreme luxury of the Dutch fair, turf-coal-under-petticoat fumigation.

NAVIGATION OF THE RHINE—STEAM-BOATS, RHINE-BOATS, AND RHINE-RAFTS.

THERE is no river in the world, except the Mississippi, superior to the Rhine for steam-navigation: strictly speaking, a danger does not occur from Mayence to Rotterdam. It flows through countries which have been populously settled during almost every period of history. The reciprocal wants of the inhabitants and the products of the numerous states with which its waters communicate are numerous and great. Speedy intercourse and the quick and cheap transport of commodities are objects of the first consideration in political economy. It is needless to say, that steam and the floating bodies it propels have become the most ready and powerful agents of intercourse and transport. The Clyde and the Mersey are comparatively small rivers, yet more than three score powerful steam-boats

scour daily over their surface. The Mississippi and St. Lawrence are, it is true, mighty streams, but until lately they flowed through regions peopled with savages. The former is now navigated by three hundred magnificent steam-ships; the latter merely in the intercourse between two towns Montreal and Quebec has thirty large steam-boats employed, and many others on its tributary lakes and on the waters between Montreal and Kingston. The Hudson is covered with leviathan-like steamers, and the English have introduced them into the most distant parts of India, and with them have already penetrated Africa. Two only, or more efficiently speaking, one steam-boat going up, and another coming down, float on the smooth majestic Rhine. How does this happen? the Dutch, with all their tenacious, long-cherished spirit of monopoly, are not regardless of steam-power. They have with success extended steam navigation to India; and with steam have crossed the ocean to South America. No: it is the plague spot of the German governments. In countries where the state monopolizes the management of almost

every thing, it would be madness to attempt a competition, even if allowed. On coming down the Rhine, we observe long flat-bottomed vessels, most of them ascending from Holland, and dragged along by men or one or more horses, according to the size of the barge, at the rate of about one-and-a-half miles an hour, often less. These boats are roofed over the deck, the people who navigate them, men, women, and children reside, yea, have often been born on board of them, and may be said to have no other habitation. As we approach Dordrecht, we observe innumerable boats, of from two tons to four or five hundred tons burthen; they carry all kinds of commodities, and the smallest are managed by the owner and his wife, the children living also on board.

The population which thus live afloat is immense, and will, as far as the people of Holland are concerned, long prove a great obstacle to the general establishment of steam-vessels on the Rhine and its lower branches. Considering also the scanty surface of Holland, the amphibious population, that of the river craft,

would, in the event of the sudden general use of steam-boats, be in fact homeless and for some time unemployed. We need not, therefore, feel surprised, that within the Dutch territory steam-vessels are not more generally used. As passage-boats, however, we find them established in most directions where there is sufficient water.

Those huge rafts which descend the Rhine to Dordrecht, and also, in smaller masses, to Amsterdam and other parts of Holland, are remarkable objects in German industry and adventure. They also are for some time, the site of habitations for those who navigate them. The women and children support their husbands and parents, and spinning, knitting, tailoring, dress-making, and other objects of thrift are attended to with great industry.

These rafts are nearly similar in construction to those I have seen floating down the St. Lawrence. In fact, floating timber down the American rivers in large masses was first attempted on the Hudson and St. Lawrence by the early Dutch and German settlers. The rafts on the St.

Lawrence and Ottawa are necessarily, on account of the rapids, bound stronger together than those on the Rhine; and the largest on the latter and on the American rivers appeared to me much of the same dimensions—that is, about sixty to seventy feet broad, and six to eight hundred feet in length, with small plank-covered huts for the raftsmen to lodge in, and governed, while floating down the current, by means of anchors and immense oars or sweeps. Boats also form an accompaniment. Like the river itself, these rafts gain magnificence in their passage. The timber which descends in small rafts from the Neckar, Murg, Maine and Moselle, being afterwards connected at particular places, are all floated down the Rhine in one vast mass.

The value of one of the largest rafts has been computed by Schreiber at 350,000 florins, or about 30,000*l.*, sterling; it affords occupation during its course, to from eight hundred to nine hundred persons. The consumption of provisions alone, from the time its construction commences, until it is sold at Dordrecht, is stated at

45,000lbs. of bread; 30,000lbs. of flesh and dried meat; 15,000lbs. of butter; 10,000lbs. of cheese; fifty sacks of dried vegetables; five hundred tuns of beer; eight butts of wine, and several other articles. The live stock for fresh meat is carried on the raft, as well as every other article of provisions.

The history of a large Rhenish raft, from the time the trees are beginning to be felled in the forests of Germany, and the raft constructed, to its delivery at Dordrecht; its separation, whether for the saw-mills of Holland, or for its exportation to other countries; and its final application, after going through the carpenter, wheelwright, joiner or upholsterer's hands, to useful purposes, would form curious details of manners and employments.

ROTTERDAM.

We left Nimeguen in the steam-packet; and, after being, during the first few miles familiarised with low banks and ground still lower; with willows and poplars; here and there good houses surrounded, even under the windows, by a canal; neat villages; now and then a windmill, or a boat builder's yard; not very many reeds, or rushes; for wherever they would naturally grow has been seized on by piles, or wattled earth, or something else introduced, and the spot transformed into terra firma. The whole voyage was monotonous. The town of Dordrecht, which we passed, with its countless windmills, canals, and old kirk, is truly Dutch, and a favorite subject with most of their landscape painters. The approach to this city, although some large ships were at anchor in front of the quays, and the masts of hundreds mingling with the houses, as we perceived them through rows of poplars, was

at first scarcely more interesting. On landing, however, on the magnificent Boompjees, and walking to one of the nearest basins, the activity and extent of the commerce and the wealth of Rotterdam soon became evident—no idlers appear here: all men were engaged shipping, or landing, or overlooking goods — in directing operations, or in executing orders. Huge steam-packets were arriving from England, and departing for sea; East Indiamen, and other long-voyage ships were either at anchor, getting under sail, or coming in from sea; others were entering or leaving the canals and basins. Bales, hogsheads, cases, barrels, pipes, containing all kinds of commodities, about to be put on board of ships or being carted to the warehouses, occupied the quays.

There are few towns where the public buildings or ancient edifices will attract less of the curious traveller's attention, and not many where the in-door arrangements of the private houses are more elegant or comfortable. The canals which are in fact docks, the quays, the warehouses, the exchange, and the business habits of the citizens

cannot fail to interest and instruct the public economist, and the merchant. After seeing these and the various factories, and also, if admitted (which we were not) into the naval dock-yard, in which there are only now two ships of war on the stocks, there is little further to detain any person, excepting he who may have commercial business to transact.

The cathedral or church of St. Lawrent, the organ of which is considered as superior to that of Haarlem, the theatre, hospitals, several places of worship, are the principal public edifices. Rotterdam has churches and chapels for almost every sect, Christians, and Jews; several benevolent and useful institutions, particularly the asylum for the blind; the hospitals for orphans, and for the sick, for disabled or infirm seamen; the dépôt for the poor; the work-house; the schools for poor children, and some others, can scarcely be too highly praised.

Among the scientific and learned associations are—the Batavian Society, the object of which is chiefly experimental philosophy, and called "Genootschap an Proefonder vendelyk Wys-

gebierte," is devoted to improvements in navigation, agriculture, hydraulics, and roads; the Society of Arts and Sciences, or rather a branch of the National Society; the Society "Verchiedenheit an Overrenstemming," (variety and harmony); and the Society to promote the study of the Bible, and of Dutch history.

In the way of amusement there is little to interest the stranger; the inhabitants being incessantly engaged in commercial pursuits. There is an excellent reading-room attached to the Exchange, and the English journals are taken at most of the hotels. To several valuable private collections of paintings, strangers with letters of introduction will readily be admitted. In most Dutch towns there is a street of shops, through which no canal runs; this, also, is the case in Rotterdam, for the hoog or high street has little else but shops. We observe women perpetually squirting water, with a sort of forcing pump, against the windows. In fact the trottoirs, windows, and the houses in Rotterdam, and in every town in Holland, are as clean as water, soap, and paint can render them. You still observe

to almost every window, a single or double projecting reflector, by means of which the Dutch woman, who in the towns seldom walk out, see unobserved all that is passing on the quays, canals, and streets. There are numerous drawbridges all over the city which cross the canals and unite the quays. Near the cathedral, in an obscure street, is the small house (now a gin shop) in which the great Erasmus was born and lived. In a niche between the windows, is a puny statue of that great man, below which is the inscription :

Hæc est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus.

On the centre of the bridge, in the grand market, there is a bronze statue of him, erected by the citizens.

Locke, Algernon Sidney, and the author of the Characteristics, have lived for short periods, and formed friendly connexions at Rotterdam. The philosopher Bayle, strange as it would appear, when exiled from France, retired to this city.

We put up at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, on the Het-Boompjees facing the river, a good, commodious, clean house, but very expensive. Here we

were delighted, after traversing Prussia, where no English, and scarcely French, papers could be seen, to find a file of London journals.

Having a special letter of introduction to the British Consul, to whom I was to apply for particular statistical information, on calling at his house, I was unfortunate in finding that he had that morning left for the Hague. His son, who regretted the circumstance much, was very courteous, and wished us to remain, but as I intended to return by way of Rotterdam, we visited all the objects pointed out as interesting, and posted off for the Hague.*

* There are several scientific societies in Rotterdam, especially that of Experimental Philosophy, and that of Arts and Sciences; also an anatomical hall, and botanic garden. There are likewise hospitals for old men, orphans, and the sick of both sexes; a dépôt for the poor; a workhouse, where cotton is carded and spun; schools for labourers' children, besides several other benevolent institutions for which Holland is so eminently distinguished. The manufactures are chiefly sugar and salt refineries (the latter carried as rock salt from Liverpool); soaperies; distilleries; breweries; manufacturies of tobacco, vinegar, paints and colours, white lead, borax, needles and pins; paper, cotton, woollens and carpets, &c. The ship-yards, and the windmills; the latter outside the town, and employed chiefly in sawing wood, employ a great number of labourers.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN HOLLAND.

We may travel all over Holland by water, and nearly to all parts either by post chaises, private carriages, the coupée of the malle poste, or by diligence. The postillions drive somewhat faster than in France, and swifter than in Belgium. In the northern parts the roads are bad in winter—in fact, almost impracticable; in summer, with some exceptions, they are smooth and good.

The most convenient, although slower, mode of travelling is by the Treckschuyts. These boats carry from thirty to forty persons:—one, two, or more horses, drag them along the canal at the rate of a slow trot, from three-and-a-half to, at the most, four English miles an hour—these barges are divided into fore and after cabins; the latter called the roef or the private cabin. More is paid for the former than the latter.

Some large schuyts have two or three roefs, these are furnished with a table in the middle, benches with cushions, and glass windows. The roef has air-holes, two benches and a board or table, extending the whole length. All, except the lower class, generally engage a passage in the roef, and, were it not for the disgusting annoyance of the eternal practice of smoking and spitting, it would be comfortable enough. A few friends would find it agreeable and not expensive to hire a whole roef: the fair is moderate and the fixed hour of departure and arrival strictly exact. Independently of the schuyts there are sail-boats to be hired—these traverse the Zuyder Zee and the canals and rivers between Zealand, Rotterdam, and Dordrecht. Steam-boats are, however, superseding them, as they are established between Rotterdam, Dort, and most places on the Rhenish Delta, Mordyke, and Zealand; also between Amsterdam and Friesland. From my own experience, I do not think that in Holland, as a general rule, there is much danger of travellers being imposed upon. All charges for conveyances except for private horses and carriages are fixed.

Land travelling is nearly if not as expensive as in England, and much higher than in France and Belgium. The charges at the hotels I found much in the same proportion.

DELFT.—SCHIEDAM.—THE HAGUE.

THE country from Rotterdam to this capital is altogether flat, and where not covered with villas, flower-gardens, towns, canals, willows, and poplars, and the stripe of excellent brick or clinker-paved road over which we rolled, the whole forms rich pasture grounds, on which numerous herds of heavy horned-cattle, flocks of fat sheep, and sleek well-formed horses feed and thrive.

There is usually near each villa, and close to the canal or rather ditch of the garden, a summer or tea house—a charming retreat, no doubt, for the male bipeds to smoke their pipes, in happy taciturnity; and for the *vrows* to sip tea, while they knit, seated over a pan of turf-cinders underneath their petticoats—a disgusting luxury, common all over Holland. Whether the heat imparted by the peat-cinders, and the atmosphere and intoxication of tobacco-smoke

render the noxious effluvia arising from the green scum on the canals delightful, or whether the croaking and piping of myriads of frogs be as harmonious to Dutch ears as the notes of the thrush, lark, and nightingale are to ours, I cannot determine. They, however, if the inscriptions on their villas speak truth, are a happy people. "*Lust en rust*"—Enjoyment and ease; "*Gerustelyk en wel to vrede*,"—Content and happy; and many similar, are among the general inscriptions.

We halted at Delft, the birth-place of Grotius, and of several distinguished men. It is a curious old town, and in one of the churches are the tombs of Grotius and the Orange family; in another, is that of Van Tromp.

Its potteries and cloth-manufactories have nearly disappeared. The state arsenal and foundry, and the state powder-manufactory we were allowed to see; but there was little doing at either. Among the many useful institutions of the town we were much pleased with that established by Dame Rynsaterwoude for the instruction of poor boys intended for the land, but more particularly for the sea service.

In respect to activity and its consequences on society, Schiedam, which we left the direct road to visit, is much more curious than Delft. We found there two hundred or more gin-distilleries in full operation, and we were told, that the mere grains or dregs of the malt fed, daily, thirty thousand hogs. How glorious a change, for dram-drinkers and pigs, has been the substitution of gin-making for the sapless business of transforming clay into crockery!

THE HAGUE, OR ST. GRAVENHAGE.

WE were recommended to the Hotel de Bellevue, which overlooks the park, and an excellent house we found it; nor were the charges, considering our two handsome rooms (*en face*), the clean beds, and the good viands and wine, to be complained of. The king and royal family were at Loo, and most of the first families were also at their country-seats. Baron F——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was also absent. My chief object being to obtain official statements relative to the population, institutions, pauper settlements, and commerce of Holland, the absence of those personages, who, as public men, would, no doubt, have been useful to me, particularly in a period when British travellers were naturally viewed with jealousy, was vexatious. I had also a letter of introduction to the king's treasurer, Colonel Ragay, and on calling at his house was

fortunate in his being at home. He speaks English fluently, with what we would term a slight Scottish emphasis, which is I find the case generally with the Dutch, when they speak English. I had long conversations with him. He is exceedingly intelligent, and he unreservedly gave me every information in his power. He called on us soon after, and had our names inserted for admission at numerous societies and libraries. A young gentleman of very accomplished manners, the Chevalier Huyson de Katendyk, whom we accidentally met in travelling, also called on us, regretted that his family were absent, and brought us to his uncle's house to show us a private collection of choice paintings. We also visited the Royal Museum, which contains an invaluable collection of paintings; the most remarkable of which are *chef d'œuvres* by Rembrandt van Rhyn, G. Douw, Cuyp, Ostade, Vandyke, P. P. Rubens, Paul Potter (his celebrated Bull), Ruysdal, Teniers, Jan Steen, Van den Velde, Werff, Holbein, Claude Lorrain, J. Vernet, Murillo, Bartolomeo, Guido, Salvator,

and many others; besides those of living artists.

I cannot speak too highly of the public library and its museum (in the Maurits Huis) which is opened to the public and to strangers; nor of the numerous scientific societies, which do honour to those who have founded and support them. The Museum of the Diligentia, or National Society of Literature and Science; that of the Pictura, or Society of Design; as well as that known by its device

"L'amour des arts, n'epargne aucun travail,"

are well worth attention.

We have observed no beggars since our arrival in Holland, nor are there any poor-rates, but we find numerous benevolent institutions. Here, among others, is an admirable establishment for poor orphans, founded and supported by the late Dame Renswoude, or Rynsaterwoude, who established also, besides the Institution at Delft, another at Utrecht.

The Hôtel de Ville, and the usual public offices of a kingdom, and the churches, have

little very remarkable in their external or internal appearance. In the former, however, are some good paintings. The dwelling houses resemble very much the brick houses in our best squares and streets in London; the rooms are large, generally ornamented with good paintings, and the furniture superb.

There is much more manufacturing industry in this capital than strangers would imagine; beautiful porcelain, articles of ivory, gold, silver, steel, bronze, white lead, meerschaum-pipes, made of a pulpy clay, called sea froth, vellum paper, carpets, ribbons, silk stockings, and linen, were the principal articles shown me.

On Sunday the shops are closed, but after sermons, and in the evenings, the inhabitants amuse themselves in the open air, in promenading in the wood, or making excursions to Scheveningen, or other places in the neighbourhood. They have also concerts, and, during the season, plays on Sunday evenings.

Lord Chesterfield, I think it was, who termed the Hague the most beautiful village in Europe; if large, nearly uniform brick-houses, broad

clean streets, several spacious open squares, especially the parade ground, no very remarkable looking public edifices, a beautiful park, in which are deer, a magnificent forest, numerous canals, and not a shade of poverty in the aspect of anything we see, speak in its favor, St. Gravenhage is certainly deserving of admiration. Of society, we were not in this capital in a season to have an opportunity of judging; but from what we learnt, it must be exceedingly dull to those who have been familiarized to the circles of London and Paris.

KING'S BIRTH DAY, AND DRIVE TO SCHEVENINGEN.

One of the days which we spent chiefly at the Hague, was the 24th of August the King's birth day. It was, until this year, celebrated with great *eclat*, but his Majesty having regulated, since the Belgian revolution, every observance (even his personal expenditure and that of his family) on the most economical scale, the day was merely announced by the firing a few cannon shots at sunrise, and the reviewing of a few detachments of Yaghers-municipal, and other troops, in the Place de Parade, at one o'clock.

The people, however, devoted the day to amusement, for I observed little or nothing doing either in the shops or among the work-people; groups were promenading in the wood or sitting in the *cafés*.

We drove down, soon after the parade, to the sea-shore, two miles by a magnificent road, lead-

ing through a wood, between rows of stately trees, to the sandy downs and large fishing-village and bathing-place of Scheveningen. The drive is a pleasant one, and on each side of the road were numerous *guingettes* filled with parties from the Hague.

Near the road is the large inclosure which forms the public cemetry; inhumation in the church-yard within the town being discontinued at the Hague. The country-house called Zorgvliet, situated on the left of this route, was the residence of Jacob Cats, the national poet, and whose songs still delight the people of Holland.

On reaching Scheveningen, we found the fishing-vessels, about forty in number, dry on the beach, the sea then at least a hundred yards from them;—they had all flags up in honour of the day.

It was within view of this place that, one hundred and sixty years ago, Admiral de Ruyter defeated the combined fleets of England and France.

The bathing-machines are similar to those used in England. There is a pavilion on one

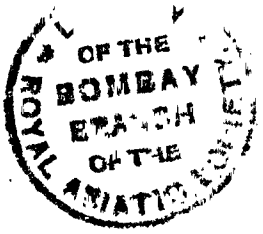
of the Downs overlooking the sea, in which the queen resides occasionally during the bathing season, and a little distance north of it, magnificent public baths to which sea-water is abundantly conveyed, have been built by the Corporation of the Hague.

On the south, there is a village called Loosduinen, where they tell you gravely, "that in days of yore a countess of Henneberg gave birth to three hundred and sixty-five living children, all of whom were baptized in the village church.' What came of them no one attempted to tell me.

An old sailor, who spoke English, and who had been, he said, five years in our navy, or as he termed it, in "the sarvice," accompanied us along the beach, and to the fishing-busses. Nothing can exceed the strong construction of these vessels: they are nearly flat, their bows almost quite bluff and projecting at the shoulders even farther than the stem—for safety in riding out a storm, or beating, as they often do, over a ledge or sandy beach, no form can be better adapted. The difficulty of removing them from the sand to deep water, and against the breakers,

is very arduous, and on their return from sea, and running in upon the sand over the high foaming waves, not without danger. These boats are not, however, so frequently lost as the dangers they encounter would lead us to imagine. As the fisheries form an important source of wealth and employment to the Dutch, I was glad to take every opportunity of being informed on the subject, and I saw enough at Scheveningen to illustrate how the fishery is carried on and conducted by the inhabitants of a place situated on a remarkably flat shoal coast, which does not afford the least shelter, and over which the sea eternally breaks and rolls.

Before we left the shore, the tide flowed in over the beach; the billows dashed and growled as they foamed forward over the shoals; it blew a fresh gale; and as the setting sun emblazoned and gilded the far western sky and sea, the vast mysterious prospect exhibited the full sublimity of oceanic grandeur.



SKETCH OF THE KING OF HOLLAND.

ALTHOUGH we saw not, during our present excursion, the King of Holland, I am enabled to give a tolerably accurate sketch of his habits and character.

He is a grave, business-looking gentleman; nothing like apathy, idleness, or uneasiness in his appearance. There now and then arises in his face an expression of self-willed eagerness; but he never, or seldom, loses the self-possession and somewhat calculating aspect which characterises his demeanour. Domestic and virtuous, as a husband and father of a family, he is temperate in his habits, and frugal in his personal expenses; with nothing of the glare, extravagance, or dramatic affectation of royalty

about him. He rises early and labours systematically at his desk, doing more before breakfast than the ministers of most kings do in a month. In England such a man as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Colonial, or Home Secretary, or as President of the Board of Trade, or in fact, as directing the duties of all the four (for with his regular business habits and capacity of mind he would manage them all with a dozen useful clerks in each department) would be invaluable, nor would he ever be ten minutes in arrear with any document or official duty. In this respect, Sir James Kempt, when governor in Nova Scotia and in Canada, (and I have no doubt equally so when Master-general of the Ordnance) very much resembled the King of Holland.

On the other hand, a man with the ideas of William of Nassau would not make a successful prime minister of England, nor probably a good though politic minister for Foreign Affairs; but he would make an admirable governor or director either of the Bank of England or of the East-India Company: and he would, as such, save,

in either department, what would enrich them, by his frugality of time and expenditure.

The fact is, that he still nurtures prejudices which were considered wise when he was young, and which he is still obstinate in believing to be so. In alluding to the offices which a man with his talents and habits would so eminently be adapted to fill, far be it from me to derogate from his character as a sovereign; for as such universally among his own subjects, and generally among the Flemings, I have never, except in Prussia, heard a monarch so highly extolled. A few measures, not then of any important consequence to his prerogative, nor to the prosperity of the Belgians, but wrongly conceived, and obstinately persevered in, lost him half his kingdom. This subject forms the great and fatal error of his life. No prince could have done more for Belgium than he has; and "he was indeed foolish," as one of our ambassadors abroad remarked to me, "in losing a country so eminently rich in natural resources, to bring which into useful and profitable purposes he had so highly contributed."

He has still, in Belgium, much of the wealth and intelligence devotedly attached to his government; and I have no doubt that he is yet sanguine that, in the chapter of chances, he will ere long have the power of recovering that kingdom.

LEYDEN.

THERE is no difficulty in hiring a post chaise with good horses at the Hague, or, I believe, in any large town in Holland, and the expense is about a fourth less than in England, but much higher than in Belgium. The road from the Hague to this town—a great part of which is through the forest, the vistas in which open fine prospects of the sea and downs, with here and there, as we drove along, undulations which may almost be called hilly, and with handsome country-houses, and gay flower-gardens—is perhaps the most agreeable route to travel by, and the most beautiful, in this kingdom.

The district of country in which this very interesting and remarkably well-built old town stands, is called, from a branch of the Rhine flowing through it, Rhinland, and being formed of river alluvions, it is called, and appears to be, "the garden of Holland." A Dutch writer says,

" here they eat the best bread, make the best butter, and brew the best beer."

Leyden is justly celebrated in the history of the Low Countries. In 1574, it endured a siege of perhaps unexampled suffering, against the Spaniards. Baldis, the Spanish commander, being on the point of making a final assault, which would, it was believed, be successful, Magdalen Moons, the Hague beauty, who captivated him, exclaimed, " *Vous allez mettre a feu et a sang la ville où se trouvent mes parens et les compagnons de mon enfance; non, je donnerai jamais mon cœur à ce barbare.*" The enamoured general, smitten by this appeal, consented to spare Leyden, until famine placed it in his power. At the end of four months, men, women, and children, at length exhausted by famine and fatigue (about six thousand citizens having before then perished by famine, disease, and the sword), appeared in a body before the burgomaster, Vanderwerf, demanding bread or the surrender of the town to the Spaniards. Resolute and firm, he drew his sword, presented it to the citizens, and shewing his bare

breast, said, "Bread I have not, but if my body can afford you nourishment, slay me, and divide it among you." This offer of self-devotion reanimated the citizens, and a few days after Admiral Boisot, by breaking the dykes during a south-east wind, laid the country under water, and found a passage with a supply of provisions into the town; which the prince of Orange then entered triumphantly, and the final discomfiture of the Spaniards and the independence of Holland may be considered as the consequence of the glorious stand made by the citizens of Leyden.

The Prince of Orange afterwards provided funds for founding its celebrated university, which had probably diffused, before the beginning of the present century, more learning and usefulness than both of our exclusive universities together. The name of James Douza, who commanded the defence of the town when besieged by the Spaniards, and whose beautiful Latin poems have been so much and generally admired by classical scholars—Scaliger, Lipsius, Vossius, Arminus, Descartes, Heinsius, Puffen-

dorf, Boerhaave, Gronovius, Burmann, Gravesande, Valckenaer, Muschenbrock, Nieuwland, Camper, Luzac, Kluit, Rae, and many other illustrious men, were among its intellectual ornaments.

On walking over Leyden, which has greatly declined in population, trade, and consequence, we cannot but admire its broad streets, magnificent buildings, and orderly aspect. It is one of those towns, among the buildings and institutions of which, whether from the associations of early reading, or from feelings that I cannot otherwise easily account for, I love to linger.

It was here that the Elzevirs, those beautiful editions of standard books, were printed; it was here that those theological disputes among learned Protestants, which so long engaged the attention of Europe, first commenced; it was here that Boerhaave startled and overturned nearly all previous notions and entertained principles in medical science; that Albinus gave a new and daring character to surgery: and it was here that those students, whose consciences would not allow them to subscribe

to the thirty-nine articles of the English Church, were enabled to obtain intellectual distinction and honorary degrees in jurisprudence, medicine, and divinity.

Breed (or Broad) straat in Leyden, with its superb Hôtel de Ville, is broader, longer, cleaner, and—although it wants the old architecture and turrets of the colleges—better built than High-street, Oxford.

The quays planted with trees, the numerous bridges (about one hundred and fifty) the canals, and dwelling houses, have all an air of order and propriety. The inhabitants are comely in appearance, and I do not recollect having in any church, or even in any theatre on the Continent, seen so many genteel-looking and beautiful women, in proportion to the assemblage, as at St. Peter's Church, Leyden.

The Hôtel de Ville contains several curious and masterly paintings, particularly the "Last Judgement," by Luc Van Leyden. In this edifice I was shown a table on which worked the tailor Jean Bockelszoon, who headed the Anabaptists, and was afterwards proclaimed king at Munster,

and finally, after countless excesses, put to death, enduring the most barbarous tortures.

On crossing from Breed-straat to the University, we pass over, in the quarter called Rapenbourg, a large square space, now planted with trees, but formerly covered with magnificent houses. In 1807, a vessel, laden with powder, was imprudently stationed in the Rapenbourg canal; some accident set fire to the powder; all the adjoining houses were levelled, and nearly three hundred inhabitants of different ranks and ages perished;—among others, Professors Luzac and Kluit. The shock was felt at Amsterdam.

Of the numerous Protestant, Catholic, and Sectarian churches, those of St. Peter's and St. Pancras are the most remarkable. In the former, are the tombs of Boerhaave, Luzac, Camper, and many others who have honoured human nature by their learning, wisdom, and virtue.

The tomb of Boerhaave is chaste and unpretending—a simple urn, standing on a pedestal of black marble, which has a small medallion representing the bust of that extraordinary man,

and within the pretty festoon which ornaments it, are inscribed :—

" Simplex Sigillum Veri."

and below

" Salutifero Boerhaavi genio Sacrum.

Of the hospitals and numerous benevolent institutions, the various societies, the environs, the charming walks along the Rhine, as it washes the walls of Leyden, I could here say much, but I must limit further observations to some notice of its excellent

UNIVERSITY.

To this famed seat of learning, established in the extensive range of buildings which were formerly occupied as a convent of Dames Blanches, some new additions are now nearly completed.

The old edifice is surmounted by the observatory, the optical instruments in which, particularly the telescopes, invented or perfected by two Friesland peasants, and presented to the University by the king, are far superior to those in the observatory at Paris ; yet the observatory at Utrecht is said to claim superiority over that of

Leyden. The halls of the university, the library of the academy, in which are the Hebrew collections of Scaliger; and the library of Vossius, with its magnificent spheres; the anatomical hall, enriched by the museums of Albinus and Van Doeveran; the laboratory and surgical instruments: the museum, augmented by the cabinet of natural history of the last stadtholder, and that of Jean Allemand; the splendid collection of birds, chiefly from Java, presented by Mr. Temminck, of Amsterdam; the cabinet of antiquity of Gerard Van Papenbroeck, and numerous gifts, from various unknown and many distinguished men, are all worthy testimonials of wisdom, learning, and benevolence.

I may be sneered at for saying so, as I am aware that those who have not visited Leyden lately will think otherwise; but I think the museum of natural history and the botanical garden, of the university of Leyden superior to the garden of plants and its museum at Paris.

The expensive addition of living animals, are, it is true, wanting in the gardens of the university of Leyden; and the museum of com-

parative anatomy at Paris, arranged by Cuvier, may be superior—certainly not the others. The cabinets of natural history at Leyden are more extensive and better arranged than that of the Garden of Plants. We were shown a live salamander, about twenty inches long, which was brought from Batavia, and presented to the University—they keep it in a tub of clear water.

The botanic garden is laid out with great taste—no strait monotonous walks. It was first planted in 1593, and four acres were added to it a few years ago. The plants are named and marked according to the arrangement of Jussieu. The hot-house plants are very numerous; and to the skill and botanical knowledge of the late professor Brugman, particularly in the arrangement of so many specimens of the vegetable kingdom, the medical students of the University must always feel grateful.

Among the distinguished living professors are Vander Palm in Theology, Haiemaaker in Oriental Literature, Vander Hoeven in Natural History, Lesson, also in Natural History, particularly Ornithology.

The University is open to all—Jews, Gentiles, and Christians of whatever creed. The students have lately much increased in number—at present there are about seven hundred. They are at the same time, studious and gay; fond of pleasure, particularly Sunday parties: yet attentive to the University rules and lectures. They almost invariably learn English to read Don Juan, Sterne, Byron, and Scott, in the original. "The empassioned, tender, and convivial spirit of the Muse of your Burns, rouse, soften, and delight us," said one of the students, "as much as the songs of our Cats."

THE MOUTH OF THE OLD RHINE.

I HAVE already observed that by far the larger portion of the Rhine-waters flow past Rotterdam, and this, which, perhaps, formed its ancient bed, is, in fact, only the smallest of its lower outlets. Still the Old Rhine in its overflowings is considered eminently dangerous, and it is by hydraulic works of extraordinary magnitude, at Katwyk, ten miles below Leyden, that its waters are lowered to the ocean. A portion is also diverted north to the Haarlem Meer. The flood gates at Katwyk answer three purposes; —letting the Rhine safely down from the dykes and canal that prevent its inundating a great part of the province of South Holland; —shutting out the sea,—and, by opening the sluices at low ebb, scouring away the sands which the surf throws up at the mouth of the river.

Notwithstanding the strength of the dams and

sluices, fears are still entertained that heavy rains, after severe frosts, might break up those works of defence.

In our progress through Holland, viewing their canals, dams and sluices, at every step we move the labour, the vigilance to which the Dutch have been and are subjected, merely for preserving the ground they stand,—we might almost say float—upon is extraordinary;—the labour and the expense thus applied is all withdrawn from productive purposes; yet they are a rich people, while their former masters, the Spaniards, inhabiting a country possessing all the natural elements of wealth, are as a people degraded, and as a nation in a state of bankruptcy.

THE TRECK-SCHUYT.

A TRECK-SCHUYT, which leaves Leyden for Haarlem early every morning, induced us to take a passage by this mode of conveyance. In the *Roef* or best cabin, were several passengers of both sexes, some of them apparently belonging to the genteel class. There was also an English artist who had been for some years in Holland, studying the Dutch school of painting. He was intelligent, and very communicative when not smoking. Benches with cushions extended along each side of the *roef*, and in the middle was a table, under which were spitting-boxes, and on it was a *pot à feu*. We were scarcely seated, when the tobacco pouches and meerschaums were in movement, and the *pot à feu* and spitting-boxes put in requisition. The women, after adjusting their cinder-boxes underneath, began knitting. The day was beautifully clear, but our *roef* was soon filled with clouds,

The men spoke not, and the women, strange to say, were nearly silent. Until a pipe-full was exhausted, conversation, it seemed, there must not be :—while the meerschaums are filling, but no longer, a word—perchance a sentence—escapes. In Holland the social tube seems to banish sociability.

There was fortunately an uncovered seat near the stern, which enabled us to escape from the *roef:* we were tow'd by one horse, over a flat monotonous country—we passed the Catholic seminary for the education of young priests at Waarmade; and near our destination we had a peep of the late country-house of Mr. Hope, the famed Amsterdam banker, and a glance at some new cotton factories; but the smokers and the knitters moved not, until the Schuyt bumped her side against the quay of Haarlem.

HAARLEM.

QUIET and dull as this old town appears, which in its flourishing days, during the rage for tulips, had a population of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, and now no more than seventeen thousand, it is still interesting. Few places in Holland have been more noted, or subjected to greater calamities. Its citizens, with their ships, were noted even at the time of the Crusades. It was taken and pillaged, the last years of the 15th century, by those seditious bands, called "bread and cheese boys;" and the prodigies of valour which distinguished its citizens, during a seven months' siege, will ever be remarkable in Dutch history. A heroine, named Kennan Hasselaar, headed three hundred women, during the defence, and seconded the Commandant Reppida, in all his operations;—famine at last reduced the town to offer capitulation, which was immediately violated by the

Spanish General—a monster, son of that infamous tyrant the Duke of Alba. The commandant, the garrison, Protestant ministers, the magistrates, and two thousand citizens were put to death, in utter disregard of the conditions agreed to.

The fate of Haarlem nearly destroyed the last hope of independence,—the Prince of Orange alone seemed to cherish the prospect of freedom. In 1579, he secured it to the country, and from that day has the power of Spain been from year to year diminishing among the nations of the earth.

There is little doubt, but that here Lawrence Coster invented the art of printing, notwithstanding all the Germans have said, and the duels that their students have fought, to claim the honour for Faust of Mayence, and Guttenburg of Strasburg.

The first book printed was evidently the *Speculum humanæ salvationis;* a copy of which is preserved in the Hotel de Ville of Haarlem.

The church of St. Bavon is celebrated for its

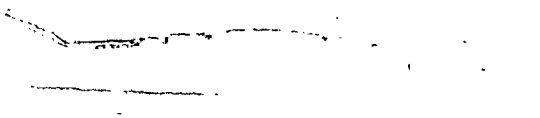
organ, said to be the largest in the world: we heard it played upon during the Protestant service, and its power, as far as the solemn old psalm tunes (the same as those used in the kirk of Scotland) would enable us to judge, has not been overrated.

The *extempore* sermons, prayers, and emphasis, notwithstanding the difference of language, impressively resemble the preaching and devotion in the Edinburgh churches—the organ alone forms a difference.

The wood and environs of Haarlem want only hills to perfect the beauty of the scenery:—the clean orderly town, its far-famed flower-gardens, and the villas in the neighbourhood, are all pleasing to the sight. Like every town in Holland, its benevolent institutions are admirable. Its once extensive manufactories of silks, damasks, velvets, and cloths, like those of Leyden, have declined with its population. The manufacturies of fine linen, lace, and lately of woollen cloths, are reviving. It is still famed for casting types, and for cultivating tulips, jonquils, and hyacinths. Here, they contend, hot or

green-houses were first invented. Flora certainly still reigns triumphant at Haarlem.

Among their customs, we observe, if we walk along the streets about five o'clock, all the apparatus for drinking tea set out showily on a table placed close to the front window of the ground-floor parlour, and soon after a circle, chiefly women, sitting down sipping it.



THE TULIP MANIA—AGIOTAGE DES TULIPS.

THAT the grave, thrifty, economical Dutchman should devote so much attention to profitless gay flower-gardens, seems unaccountable. Not only, however, at Haarlem, but in every town and village, particularly in North Holland, do they devote much of their time to their flower-gardens, and beautifully gay they are. In England and in France, let people think what they previously may, if they visit the flower-gardens of those whose taste both nations despise, they will at least acknowledge, that the cautious heavy Hollander alone knows how to cultivate tulips and other bulbs, so as to produce their flowers in perfection.

Religious intolerance, burning of witches, canting philosophy, war, and public gambling, have all, like plague or cholera morbus, had their periods.

England has had her South Sea disaster; France her Mississipi calamity; and, earlier than either, Holland her tulip mania.

About two hundred years ago, the bulbs of tulips became objects of such request and general interest, that to obtain one in vogue, cost a fortune. They were first cultivated for sale and exported, as they still are, to foreign countries. At length some calculating stock-jobbers speculated on the demand, and in 1637, they were actually converted into stock or shares, and greedily sought after by the prevailing frenzy. The bulbs divided into *perits*, were, like stock sold, to be delivered by the brokers on settling-day. Four hundred *perits*, in weight little more than a grain, of Admiral Liefken, a favourite tulip, are said to have been sold for about £360, and Semper Augustus, another much in fashion, for about the same price. During the same year the town of Alkmaar sold, for the benefit of an orphan asylum, one hundred and twenty bulbs for ninety thousand florins. On one occasion it was held forth that two bulbs of Semper Augustus only existed; for one, four thousand six hundred

florins, a set of harness and a handsome carriage were offered; for the other, twelve acres of excellent land.

But the fact is, that although the substance of many tulip-roots were sold, the sales were systematic jobbing speculations, in which tulips were only nominally made use of, in gambling transactions, that threatened to ruin the credit of the nation. Government at length crushed the infamous scheme, but not until it had ruined thousands.

AMSTERDAM.

A BROAD, clinker-paved, strait causeway led us over water and marshy meadows from Haarlem to Amsterdam. No scene on earth can naturally be more tame—its monotony is now and then relieved a little by a treck-schuyt, towed slowly along the canal which accompanies the road, and by some fishing boats on the Haarlem Meer, and the Ai or Y. These broad sheets of water are separated by an artificial dam, over which the road passes; the sluices of which and the gauge-posts, the latter minutely marked for the purpose of regulating the level of each lake, are curious. The Haarlem sea, which covers a surface of nearly sixty thousand acres, might, it is stated be drained, with little difficulty, and this is said to be in contemplation.

Night had come on as we entered Amsterdam, and the first peculiarity that struck us was the fires or furnaces in the Haarlemer Plein, a small

open square within the gates, where persons were busily cooking for the convenience of passers by. It was Sunday evening; and many of the shops, particularly those of grocers, and other venders of articles of meat and drink, were open. We drove along several quays and streets, lined with trees and high houses, to the Hôtel des Grandes Armes d'Amsterdam, to which we were recommended as being a good house, in one of the best parts of the city, at the corner of the Rusland; nor were we disappointed. We had excellent rooms, and every comfort, with civility and reasonable charges.

FRASCATI'S.

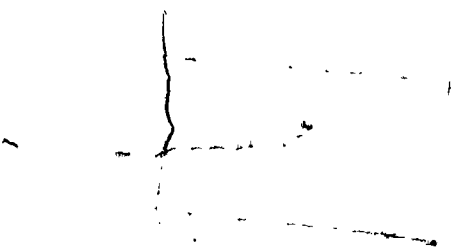
Our waiter, after serving up tea, observed it was Sunday evening, and that if we wished to see Frascati's, the commissioner would show us the way. The abominable hell of that name at Paris immediately started forth in all its deformity and iniquity—with its ruin, debaucheries and suicides; and all this, thought I, in Calvinistic Holland! I replied, "no; but are the theatres now open?" "Oh no, we never have plays on Sunday, sometimes we have concerts—every body goes to Frascati's." "What, to a gambling-house?" "No, Sir, no; to smoke, to drink tea, lemonade, and punch—all the gentry go, Sir, it is a charming place, and very near—you will be delighted, Sir."

My wife, for curiosity's sake, urged me to go and see what was to be seen.

Led by Mynheer the commissioner, off I started, and, after turning the first corner, a

few steps brought us to a large house with a broad entrance, which one might well augur led to destruction. In we went—immense doors unfolded their wings, and opened to us a spacious hall, from the high roof of which, supported by four large marble pillars, were suspended eight splendid lustres, whose numerous lights would have made any other room in the world as clearly bright as noon-day. On one side was perched an orchestra, in which were seated a band of some dozen performers; opposite stood a large side-board, covered with bottles, glasses, and jugs, the former filled with various liquors; on the floor were arrayed numerous small tables, at most of which were seated two persons, generally one of each sex, and if dress be a rule of conclusion, they were all certainly genteel and fashionable. Each Mynheer had in his mouth a meerschaum and before him some drink; and each *vrow* her tea or coffee. Whether the fair sex were fumigated from underneath I know not— quite immoveable. Mynheer the commissioner said, that no dame was without her cinder-pan. Now, instead of the gam-

bling and devilry of which the Parisian Frascati is the scene, all the sin at that of Amsterdam was no more than a multitude of the best dressed people assembling there, not to gamble, not to talk to each other, for a word was scarcely spoken; not to hear the music, for the band seldom played; and when it did, none seemed to regard it;—no, they assemble, the men to suck their meerschaums, sip gin and water, and blow forth a room full of smoke:—the women to enjoy peat-fumigation, silence, society, and tea.



A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

A LETTER of introduction being a matter of importance, I had one from a very eminent and highly distinguished personage to Mynheer S—p—k, one of the most leading merchants in Holland, particularly in the management of the commerce with Batavia and other parts of the East. I accordingly called, even before I had thrown off the heat and fatigue of travelling, and was received very courteously by Mr. S——. He speaks English fluently, with a slight Scottish-like accent. His residence, splendidly furnished, has quite the air of an aristocratic town-house. He talked freely on public affairs, the grievous public burthen of keeping up an army, and said, that Holland was in a position to prosper more certainly without than with Belgium. He observed, also, that in England, we held Dutch securities much higher than we had any rational ground for. Before leaving, he re-

gretted his family were out of town. As I was anxious to get admittance into the royal dock-yard, he said he would procure and send me on the following morning a ticket of admission. Having stated my object in visiting Holland, being purely with a view to statistical researches, and that I intended to remain in Amsterdam until I completed my inquiries respecting the finances and commerce of Holland, he said he would be happy in being serviceable to me, I parted, much pleased with the interview.

AMSTERDAM.

Anxious to waste no time, we sallied forth in the morning after my interview with Mr. S———, to see the Lions of Amsterdam; of which I will not say much, either to fatigue myself or others. This wealthy city is fortified, and in shape like a crescent. Every feature bespeaks substantial riches, yet it has greatly declined in population and trade. Its ancient wealth has not however in reality diminished, and although its celebrated Bank, so well described by Adam Smith, and which at one period regulated the exchanges of the world, has disappeared, another has risen under the present king, and the capitalists of Amsterdam still manage to increase their wealth, by acting as Bankers for a great part of Continental Europe.

In active commerce on the quays, canals, and basins, the aspect of Rotterdam far surpasses that of this city—Calver Street, Newen Dyke, and Haarlemer Dyke, the principal shop-streets, are

broad, showy, and without canal or quay. Those three magnificent streets—or rather from having spacious canals and rows of trees accompany their whole length, they may be considered double streets, known by the name of Prinsens Gracht, Keizers Gracht and Heisen Gracht, are not in breadth, extent, and buildings, perhaps surpassed in Europe. They are parallel to each other although, following the semi-polygonal shape of the town, they make six or seven angles in their length.

Of the many public buildings the Stadthuis, considered by the Dutch the eighth wonder of the world, is undoubtedly a superb edifice; and being isolated, the grandeur of its architecture appears to full advantage—the wonder is how the thirteen or fourteen thousand piles on which it rests it could ever [illegible] mass.

The interior, as we were told, is sadly changed, since [illegible] when it contained the Bank, Exchange, and Civic Halls—when it was the centre of the wealth and enterprise of the world. It was pitiful and impolitic to transform it into a palace for Louis Bonaparte. Yet it is still

kept up as an useless royal residence to which the king never comes. It has the same furniture which was placed in it by Napoleon: its splendid ball-room or *Salle du Trone* is said to be, and to me it appeared to be, as far as I have seen, the most superb in Europe.

We mounted by winding stairs to the tower, from which we had certainly a most extensive prospect over the Zuyder Zee, a great part of North Holland, the Haarlem Meer, the Y, the country to the South with the towers of Utrecht; of the whole city, shipping and canals * of Amsterdam; its exterior canals and countless windmills, used either for pumping water out of, or into the canals, or for the purpose of grinding corn, crushing oil seeds, or sawing woods.

The churches of Amsterdam being, † except

* Amsterdam is stated to have two hundred and eighty bridges. It has eight gates, but the ramparts have been converted into a very pleasant promenade: On each of the twenty-eight *ci-devant* Bastions now stands a windmill. There is not a water-mill in Holland.

† The places of worship are:—Dutch Protestants, ten; Lutherans, three; Catholics, eighteen; Jews, thirteen; Anglicans, Walloons, Lutheran Dissenters, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Anabaptists, Remonstrants, Greeks, and Armenians, each one—in all—fifty-three.

the catholic chapels, stripped of all that once adorned them, there is little within them to interest the curious. We visited the old and new Kirks—in the latter, which is three hundred years old, the tomb of Admiral de Ruyter occupies the place in which formerly stood the altar. A handsome monument has been lately erected to the memory of Van Spyk, who blew up his vessel, himself and crew, last winter in the Scheldt, rather than surrender.

The national museum of pictures, which so greatly pleased us, it would be vain to describe, and much as we were led to expect, we certainly were not disappointed. The night school of Gerrard Douw alone much more than repays the visit. The museum is strictly national, containing only Dutch and Flemish pictures.

The Plantation or Park, although extensive, will appear a sombre place to those who have promenaded in the Champs Elysées or Tuileries Gardens, or even the Park in Brussels. In going to the Park our commissioner led me at my desire, through the Jewish quarter of the city, which will ever be remembered by those who have once seen

it, by its remarkably dirty aspect in contradistinction to every other part of Amsterdam.

The Exchange, quadrangular-formed, wherein the merchants and brokers assemble, much in the same way as in London; and the Corn market, were, for about an hour, the most animated places that we have visited.*

* The famous Hotel of the East-India Company was, after the suppression of that powerful association, used as a Rye Magazine, and sunk down, from the granaries being surcharged, in 1821, two hundred years after the Company was established.

Perhaps no city can boast of so many Institutions for the alleviation of human misery as Amsterdam. To avoid recapitulation I will allude to them in a brief view of the provision made for the poor in Holland. The primary schools; the Royal Academy of Liberal Arts; the Athenæum with its twelve Professors instructing youth in the academical sciences, with its dependent Latin School, are all admirably conducted. The celebrated Marine School has been removed to Mendemblik. Here are also numerous scientific and benevolent Societies. Amsterdam, notwithstanding its being almost floating on water, and its stagnated canals, is, from the great order and cleanliness, and the flux and reflux of the sea, a very healthy town. It has no fresh water except what is brought in from the river Vecht, or in boats from Utrecht. There are scarcely any hackney or other carriages or horses, to be seen in the streets in consequence. You are told of the scarcity of water; but it is in reality from the frugal Amsterdamers considering such luxuries useless and extravagant.

The manufactures of Amsterdam are chiefly—tobacco, porcelaine, taffetys, velvets, carpets, woollens, canvass, oil cloth, white lead,

In walking over the town, looking into the shops, observing the coming in and going out of large and small vessels; and in seeing all, except the dock-yard and some leading Institutions, which a stranger may consider curious, nearly three days were spent; and not hearing from, or seeing M. S-k-p-n-k, although I again left my card, we resolved, during the time necessary to receive a reply from a friend to whom I wrote for another letter of introduction, on making a short excursion over North Holland.

powder, marine stores, most articles of gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and jewellery, and such articles as are manufactured in large cities, but none on a large scale.

NORTH HOLLAND.*

With the exception of those sandy downs which line the West coast of North Holland, the whole country is a flat salt pasturage—in many parts under the level of, and protected by dykes or dams from, the sea. All the towns and villages are neat, formal, and clean to a degree that seems inconvenient, and even uncomfortable. Alkmaar is the largest town, and the rallying point for the great cattle, butter, and cheese trade of the country. It was once famous for its breweries and its cloths. It has now only a few canvass manufactures, and some rope and salt works. The Helder, on which Napoleon spent some millions to render it a strongly fortified and great naval port, is the station of the Northern squadron of the Dutch navy; and with its dock-yard and arsenal,

* The origin of this name is said to have arisen from a superstitious belief that *howlings* were heard over all the Low Country; probably the reverberating sound of the ocean. In consequence of which it was first called *Holla-Land*, or *Howl-Land*.

a port of great consequence, from being that by which ships enter and depart from the great canal of Amsterdam.

The towns in North Holland, if we are to credit what is recorded of their former manufactures and commerce, have greatly declined in both. Mendemblik, from which the finest ships were fitted out for Guinea, and which carried on a very extensive commerce with various parts of the world, has now scarcely any foreign trade. Ekhuysen, which had four hundred vessels sailing annually from its port to the deep-sea herring-fishery, has at present not fifty, and the population has diminished one half. Hoorn, once so famous for its dock-yards, herring-fishery, and extensive commerce, is now reduced to a town dealing only in the cheese and butter of the country, and in importing cattle and grain from Denmark.*

Edam, in which nearly the whole fleet of Admiral de Ruyter was built, and which had

* *See* Notes to the Note-Book No. 2 for some interesting information, specially procured for me by a very intelligent friend, and practical man of business.

formerly a great whale-fishery, carries on now a humble cheese trade.

We could not, (it being so laid down to all curious travellers) return from North Holland, without visiting the place in which Peter of Russia (I cannot admire him so much as others have, for having done so) worked for two years as a common journeyman in the dock-yard, under the name of Pieter Michaloff, or Master Pieter. We entered the small rude wooden house which he occupied; the Princess of Orange has had a brick shed built over it; and the list-book exhibits some thousand autograph names of those who have visited the place:—among others, Napoleon, Josephine, and Alexander of Russia.

We have only visited one place, the village of Broeck, so trim, quiet, and minutely clean, as Zaandam (usually called Saardam). The streets are paved with clinkers and daily washed; the houses are built of wood, and painted white and green; the window-curtains are as purely white as the falling snow; and the principal door, that of ceremony, only opened at baptisms, marriages,

and funerals. The dock-yards have, I may say, disappeared; the three hundred vessels, built and replaced annually in them, are no more. Its herring and whale fisheries have also vanished; but its windmills, nearly (some say more) a thousand in number, employed in sawing timber, &c, appear with their dependent operations, to give full occupation to the inhabitants. In the old church there is a wretchedly executed large picture, which they talk much about. It represents a woman tossed up in the air by a furious bull:—at the moment she is thrown up, a child, of which she is pregnant, drops from her; the husband, at the same time, is gored, and lies prostrate underneath the bull. It is a shocking subject, and yet it hangs in the Presbyterian church.

Breeding horned-cattle and horses and making cheese and butter occupy the principal attention of the North Hollanders. The crushing of oil-seeds, paper-making, tanneries, sawing of wood and stone, grinding of corn, draining of land, &c., afford also employment to thousands of windmills and inhabitants. What seems

strange, if what we were told be actually true, is, that the astonishingly sleek appearance and fatness of their horses and cattle is occasioned by their drinking no other than salt-water : unless it be rain-water, there is certainly no other for them.

Notwithstanding the decline of their navigation and trade, the wealth of the inhabitants has not diminished ; their thrift and economy in never spending all they earn, account satisfactorily for the people of North Holland, notwithstanding the destruction and expense occasioned by inundations, being still the richest population in Europe.

BROECK.

After travelling some leagues on a very good clinker road, leading along the banks of the Grand Northern Canal, we turned off, for six miles, to the east, and reached the curious village of Broeck. Its decent church, clear pond, limpid canals, clinker-paved streets; green, blue, and white painted houses; flowering shrubs and green trees, all as trim, and neat, and gay, as if dust never whirled, mud never formed, and storms never raged; and as if sunshine and fine days and clear nights were perpetual in Broeck.

It would seem, at first, as if magic alone had created this village, for we saw no one at work, everything was quiet, as in a parish of Anti-burghers during worship on the Sabbath-day. As we walked over the streets, we could not observe a speck on the painted houses,—the glass windows were as clear as the lens of a

telescope; the gilding on the doors and shutters as bright as that on a new picture frame; and the curtains as white as the top of Mont-blanc: but the blinds placed, like all other screens, to hide what is rare from vulgar gaze, were, however, frequently at one corner slipped suddenly aside; and then, for an instant, exhibited, without exception, as beautiful oval faces and lovely complexions as poet could imagine, or romancer conjure into ideality. Here was innate curiosity, but custom had prescribed its limit. We only saw, during two hours wandering, five male faces, belonging to this non-social place;—the first was the Burgomaster, who, from his room being probably too hot for him, had thrown up the window, a most unusual case; while, according to custom, he sat back in a huge chair, exhausting the contents of his meerchaum, amidst clouds, not of glory, but of smoke:—before him on a table, was a bottle, on the window-sill stood a half-filled glass.

On turning round the corner of the church, two primitive beings, costumed in three-cornered Genevese hats, very old and brown, but

not broken; broad-skirted coats; breeches and vests of the same colour and date; fine white neckerchiefs and shirts; grey worsted stockings; and huge shoes with large silver buckles:—they spoke not to each other, and on passing they did not deign to look at us. Our Cicerone, said, "Those are the two ministers of the kirk":—melancholy guides to Paradise, thought I. The next personage we met was a man of celebrity, "Baaker of Broeck," a subject too important to pass by unnoticed—I shall return to him hereafter. Our conductor then led us to the

VILLAGE DAIRY,

and such a dairy!—here the cows have each a small apartment for winter comfort, kept even at that season absolutely as clean as a French bed chamber.

The cows of Broeck are, in fact, far cleaner than human beings in some other countries. They are not even allowed to do what other cows are; for the cows of Broeck are taught, what I wish the Parisians would learn, not to shock modesty, befoul the air, or disgust our eyes, by

filthy deposits—yes, the decorous cows of Broeck do these things in places especially provided for the same.

The dairy-woman, or rather mistress, showed us all the operations of butter and cheese making, and I shall ever after, from a conviction of its purity, prefer Dutch cheese and butter to any other. The cheese-press is a beautiful piece of machinery, ornamented with gilding, brass and copper, all as bright as polish can make them. A large dog, placed in a kind of treadmill, turns a wheel and cylinder, and performs the operation of churning. The moulding and pressing of the cheese, and separating the milk from the butter, are all executed without bare hands ever mixing with the materials;—and, as we afterwards observed, all the large dairies of North Holland, the produce of which enrich the inhabitants, are managed in the same way.

The people of Broeck are, without exception, reputed rich;—their wealth consists of the money which has been left them by their parents, from generation to generation;—not more than the interest of which do they probably spend; and of

pasture lands on which numerous herds feed and fatten. They are also extensive dealers (in an almost imperceptible way) in butter and cheese.

The principal, or street-door, like those of Zaandam, is never open except on three occasions:—baptisms, marriages, and funerals. The chamber to which it leads is called the room of ceremony. Its furniture; its floor; its walls; and its windows, except on the above events, and during its subjection to perpetual rubbing and washing, like that of Peter Stuyvesart's wife in Knickerbocker's New York, remain untouched. We were shown after some hesitation, through a lateral door, the dairy-woman's room of ceremony—we put slippers on and entered—nothing could be more formal; there was the pipe of ceremony—the tea-service of ceremony—the plate and knives of ceremony—the husband's and wife's hats and suits of ceremony—the caps in which they were baptized, and those in which they were married—the family chests of drawers, looking-glasses, mahogany tables and chairs: some of which appeared as if made in the days of William, the first Stadtholder.

The people of Broeck are not only unsocial among themselves, but avoid all intercourse with strangers; they scarcely ever see one another except at the kirk; nor do they generate their species rapidly. The men seldom marrying before forty, or about the time the father leaves the house to the son, and lays low in the kirk-yard. The women wed not until their bloom hath fled; but it is not their fault, but that of the ice-hearted swains. They seldom move farther from their houses, than in the evening or morning to look at their flower-gardens, and on the Sunday to kirk. When a man and woman marry, they and their parents become as much strangers to each other as if they were not allied by blood. The men sit within doors, eternally smoking—the women, invariably with hot peat-cinders in a pan underneath their petticoats, sit knitting or sewing; which, and playing a few tunes on the piano, form their whole accomplishments. A sentence in the day is scarcely interchanged between them and their husbands. Formal and slow, in manners and in love; were they, however, to be made acquainted with others than

the "Boys at Broeck," it is said that "a laughing devil in their eye" would soon awaken; and I believe that nothing, but the cold, severe, rebuking kirk of Calvin would, until thirty-five, preserve immaculate the fair maidens of Broeck. The dread of increasing the population beyond their present numbers, and diminishing their wealth, is, it is said, the motive that retards marriages in this passionless, chaste, and Malthusian village.

BAAKER OF BROECK.

I HAVE already said this personage was too important to pass by unnoticed. He has a married brother, with the largest house, the handsomest wife, and the prettiest daughters in the village; but our hero sees them not—to the kirk he does not go; and the three invitations of ceremony, which have occurred on as many occasions in the wedded man's dwelling, have also been declined by the wifeless brother.

Both are rich, but Baaker of Broeck, so called *par excellence*, is the richest, and supposed to be worth 45,000 florins, about 3,900*l.* per annum; one-third of this sum, although he does not go to kirk, he gives away in relieving the distresses of others. Most of the remainder he has other ways of spending. His house is not the largest, but it is the most elegantly built in the place; and his garden, which we were shown

by the man who superintends its management, is, with its winding walks, water, island, temple, statues, alcoves, grottos, swiss chalet, curious trees and plants; gay flowers and hot-houses, superior to any private garden that I have seen in England or in France. The gardener appeared to be a good botanist, and would point out and describe any plant according to the system of Jussieu. He or his master must certainly have superior ideas of good taste; and we left Broeck unsocial as it is, much pleased with our visit.

But we must not yet take leave of Mynheer Baaker—I have observed that he is wifeless, but I have not said he is, or has been, womanless. No; Mynheer Baaker has entertained other thoughts and feelings, and, from the year (when he was about twenty-three) that he came into possession of his estate, he let the villagers of Broeck and the two ministers also know, not by words, but deeds, that, whatever they thought, he cared neither for their rebuke nor scandal. He crossed from North Holland to Friesland—the country of beautiful and not over fastidious

women; he there entered into an agreement with two pretty blooming virgins, one seventeen, the other nineteen, years of age, to return and live with him for one year: — at the expiration of which, they, by a bond drawn up between the parties, were absolved from, and bound to leave his house on the very day named: he paying them the sum in money agreed upon, not merely as a reward for twelvemonths' amorous services, but as a sum sufficient to establish them in marriage. What the amount may have, or has been, I know not—thirty-two years have elapsed since Mynheer Baaker was twenty-three, and in each of those years there has been a competition among the fair maids of Friesland as to who would be the lucky two selected to spend the succeeding twelve months with the man of Broeck. Each year has he fulfilled to the hour his engagements, he has always had two beauties at the same time—who, during their engagement, have enjoyed no society but his, and spoke not for the year except to each other and to him: their wanderings have been for the same time confined to his charming garden. He, now at the age of

fifty-five, has, therefore, luxuriated in the charms of sixty-four young maidens,—the most beautiful that Friseland could boast of; and yet, they tell me, he will not acknowledge, "that all is vanity and vexation of spirit"—such was, and such is

BAAKER OF BROECK.

NORTH SHIP CANAL.

THE dangerous navigation of the Zuyder Zee, with its shoals, intricate channels and difficult entrance; the bar of the Pampus, which prevents deeply-laden vessels from reaching Amsterdam; and the frequent long delays to which wind-bound vessels were subjected, formed such inconvenient obstacles to the commerce of a city enriched by and dependent on trade, that we are now surprised that so canal-cutting a people did not, before the year 1819, determine on opening a safer and quicker way to and from the ocean. Further I will not discuss the subject, but in that year the great ship canal which opens a direct and certain communication from Amsterdam to the ocean, was commenced, and, at an expense of about 850,000*l.*,* finished in 1825. Its length

* The estimate was twelve million florins or nearly a million sterling. The tolls are said not to pay the interest, but the managers keep the secret to themselves. See further remarks on Dutch canals notes to the Note Book, No. 3.

is nearly fifty-two English miles; its breadth, to enable two frigates to pass each other, one hundred and twenty-five feet at the surface, and thirty-eight at the bottom; and its depth, twenty feet nine inches, is sufficient for the largest merchant ships and frigates. The country through which it passes is flat, and there is little difficulty in confining the water, like that of I believe all the Dutch canals, at a level equal to that of the sea at high water, by means of flood-gates and a lock at each extremity. It is crossed in its whole length by eighteen drawbridges. It intersects all North Holland, commencing immediately opposite Amsterdam, at Buyksluis, and passes through Purmerend, Alkmaar, Petten, &c., and along the sea dyke to Nieu-Diep, close to the Helder. During neap tides the Canal is supplied with water from the sea at Nieu-Diep, by means

Those curious machines called *Camels*, were invented at Amsterdam as far back as 1690 for the purpose of floating large ships over the Pampus. The *Camel* consists of two immense flat-bottomed vessels, one side of each of which is shaped so as to fit the lower part of a ship's side. This huge machine, filled with water, is so placed as to clasp the ship to be floated over the shallow. The water is then pumped out: the *Camel* then rises and lifts the ship with it.

of an immense engine. The sluices and locks are lined with brick, and strengthened with belts of limestone. On each side there is a towing-path, and the usual time taken to convey a large ship from the ocean to Amsterdam, is little more than eighteen hours. By looking at a map of Holland the vast advantage to Amsterdam, and, in truth, to all places that have other canals open to Amsterdam, excepting Rotterdam and the ports on the Zuyder Zee, will at once be seen; and, should peace continue, the certain and immediate navigation now open between Amsterdam and the ocean, and its great wealth may raise this city to her former splendor, although not to a pre-eminence over all other commercial towns.*

* I have observed that equal activity among the shipping and on the quays did not prevail at Amsterdam, as at Rotterdam, yet the entries at the latter are much less—as appears from the Customs' returns for the year ending January, 1834 which states the ships—

	Inwards and	Outwards.
At Amsterdam	2,340	2,178
Rotterdam	1,420	1,563
	3,760	3,741

The arrivals over the year 1832, are 128 vessels at Amsterdam.

Previous to the embargo in 1832, 1,150 British vessels, (or rather, I supposed, entries of British vessels,) entered Rotterdam. It was stated to me, by the best authorities there, that the embargo prevented at least 300 vessels arriving with coals and English goods during the months of November and December, 1832.

AMSTERDAM.

On our return from North Holland, we found neither letter nor inquiry from Mynheer S-k-p-n-k at our hotel; but fortunately a reply to my letter, with an efficient introduction, awaited me. Had this not been the case my introduction to M. S—— would, certainly, from the nature of my inquiries, have been to me a misfortune. All this was now, however, adjusted by a letter to a gentleman, who, from his great courtesy, assiduity, and success in procuring me all the official returns and other statistical information I required, leaves me to regret only that, considering his official standing, I cannot, with propriety, use the privilege of naming so worthy and able a man. Through him I was enabled with facility to visit the principal benevolent and scientific institutions, and the dock-yard; and to acquire all the information necessary to enable

me to comprehend the present state of industry, finance, navigation, and trade of Holland.

The administrations which manage the affairs of the poor, and the mode in which the latter are provided for, were another object of my inquiry which he enabled me fully to ascertain. I had also intended to visit the pauper colonies at Frederick's Oord; but, having procured at Amsterdam a brief but clear account, and the latest details of those establishments, I found that I could gain little further knowledge (after having seen a similar colony at Vortel) by travelling to that in the province of Drenthe. I accordingly, after concluding my inquiries at Amsterdam, made up my mind to return by way of Utrecht and Gouda to Rotterdam, and then, by Dordrecht, Mordyk, and Breda, to pass, if possible, the frontier into Belgium.

THE ROYAL DOCK-YARD.

This establishment is situated on the island of Kattenburg, and connected with the town by a bridge. The principal building was erected, in 1635, on eighteen thousand piles. It is two hundred and twenty feet long, by two hundred broad. An extensive range of magazines have since, at different times, been added. There is a spacious dock on the west, in front of the building slips, and the great Nieuw Dyke; which with ample quay room, on the pile-fenced islets of Kattenburg and Oostenburg, (on the latter of which stands the buildings of the *ci-devant* East-India company), may be considered as forming an immense, safe, general dock.

The royal dock-yard itself appears somewhat larger than that of Deptford; and as to the arrangement in regard to the ground plan, the magazines, forges, and safety of launching, I

would say, that of Amsterdam claims superiority; in other respects there is very little difference. The dock-yard at Portsmouth, from its greater extent, its block-making machinery, and its iron and copper-forges certainly claims pre-eminence over all others. Having had occasion to visit, in America and in Europe, the principal naval-yards, and, having made myself tolerably well acquainted with those establishments, I may, perhaps, take upon me to say, that the English, Dutch, and American dock-yards are arranged, as nearly as can be, on the same plan; that in carpentry, the Dutch and English may be considered as equal; and the Americans as generally finishing their ships with more elegance, and as having made improvements which give more room on the decks, and expose less perpendicular surface to the enemy's fire. In the French dock-yards, the spirit of orderly arrangement appears sadly wanting. Much time is consequently lost, and altogether we cannot help observing the absence of that steady, quiet, straight-forward-going work which

characterizes the naval-yards of England, Holland, and America.

While we were visiting the different magazines of marine stores; the arsenal; forges; the riggers and sail-makers' lofts; the carver's shop; the ships on the stocks; the boat-builder's yard; and rope-walks, accompanied by an officer who very courteously showed and explained everything, no one lifted their heads or hands from their work, except the head of each department, to give us such information as we might desire. Every article was arranged in its respective place—no confusion—no workman running in the way of another; each knew his place and business, and all bespoke the highest degree of regularity. The sheds, covering the ships, are handsomer, and, I think, a little higher than ours—along the sides are galleries for the convenience of spectators to see the ships launched. The ships on the stocks, or whose keels are laid down, are:—the Van Tromp, 74 guns (nearly finished); the Holland, a double-banked 60 gun frigate (nearly planked); a large corvette, ready to be launched; a 74 gun ship in frame; a 74

gun ship, laid down; a 44 gun frigate in frame, and another laid down—in all seven.* A small new sloop of war lay in the dock. These ships have all round sterns, and modelled exactly like British round-stern ships. On remarking that this was Sir Robert Seppings' plan — "Yes, Sir," politely replied the officer who accompanied us, "he introduced it, but it was Dutch from the first; there has not been a galiotte constructed from time immemorial in Holland, but exactly on this same plan"—such is the fact, and, whatever merit may be due to Seppings for introducing the round sterns, we have only to go down, (but few will like the trouble) to the docks of London, Liverpool, or any other port, to see a Dutch galiotte, and satisfy ourselves that Sir Robert had no claim to the invention.

The ships of war, built at Amsterdam, are towed down the northern canal to the Helder; at the arsenal and dock-yard of which they are finally equipped for service, in like manner as

* The navy of Holland, in 1799, consisted of 40 ships of the line, of from 50 to 74 guns; 40 frigates of from 20 to 44; 10 cutters or sloops of war, of from 12 to 34 guns, besides numerous gun-boats.

the ships of war, built at Rotterdam, are at Helvoetsluis.*

* According to an official document, I have, a few days ago, received, the Dutch Navy in January 1835, was constituted, including one 74 and one 60, and smaller vessels on the stocks, as follows :—

SHIPS OF WAR.	OFFICERS.
2 of 84 guns	1 Admiral (Prince Frederic.)
6....74 ..	4 Vice-Admirals
1....62 ..	7 Rear-Admirals
3....60 ..	26 Captains
16....44 ..	32 Captains-lieutenants
6....32 ..	71 First lieutenants
12....28 ..	171 Second lieutenants
4....20 ..	89 Cadets of the first class *
10....18 ..	4 Surgeons-en-chef
4....14 ..	50 Other medical officers.
12....12 ..	
3.... 8 ..	
4 Steam-boats	
4 Transports	
—	
Total 76 ships of war, exclusive of the ship used for exercise as a naval school, and 50 gunboats.	

* Prince William Frederick Henry is among the Cadets. The registered seamen of the navy amount to about 6,000 men.

MAINTENANCE OF THE POOR.

THE Dutch have *poor-laws*, but no *poor-rates*, yet in no country are the *poor and infirm so well provided for*, and at *so little expense to the community*, as in HOLLAND.

This subject is of such eminent importance to all who are concerned in the administration of government; in legislating for the poor; and in contributing to the alleviation of infirmity and poverty, that I could now willingly enter fully into the inquiry; but I must limit my observations for the present to a very few leading particulars.

The poor-laws of Holland relate chiefly to the administration of the poor, and work-houses; to houses of correction, and pauper colonies.

A few decrees, passed during the government of the French authorities and of Louis Bonaparte, still remain in full force; and I must say that, to me, they appear not only wise, but that their operation in practice is convenient and satisfactory: they are, however,

in accordance with former usages in Holland. The laws passed for regulating hospitals, workhouses, and the affairs of the poor, generally, during the present king's reign, are simple and practical. In short, the whole code of Dutch poor-laws (Belgian included) are so plain, that all who can read, may understand; and so concise that I have the whole, although printed separately, bound up in one octavo volume, containing little more than four hundred pages of common-sized print. In this alone, one great evil is at least avoided—the intermeddling of lawyers in the affairs of the poor. In fact the poor laws of Holland are merely a simple code of regulations—what are ours, in England, from the days of Elizabeth downwards?

The greater portion of the Dutch poor, including orphans, abandoned children, the blind, deaf, and dumb, and aged, are provided for in three ways:—first, by institutions established by rich individuals, chiefly widows; secondly, by the different religious denominations or deaconries taking the charge of their respective poor; and thirdly, by societies.

The remaining indigent and infirm are supported by the public, generally, in the following manner. In the parishes (Gemeente), the expense is taken out of the municipal funds; if the proportion be too great, the difference is paid out of a general relief fund raised by collections or otherwise from property or bequests. Demands on the public generally has seldom occurred; for except under very unfavourable circumstances, the deaconries and municipalities have always provided for their own poor.

The great secret, however, is in the administration, and that no man or woman in health, can, in Holland, expect to eat bread, find shelter, or be clothed, without giving labour or other equivalent in return.

The great relief to the country, consists in the non-existence of poor-rates; the collection of which would be attended, as in England, with great expense and vexation; and the appropriation of which would be productive of, generally speaking, doubtful good, and to the healthy classes, certain depravity and degradation.

Experience has, for more than two hundred years, proved the excellence of the Dutch plan for supporting the poor, inasmuch as the indigent (whether men, women, or children) able to work, have never wanted employment, food, clothing, or shelter.

As the price of food will always regulate the wages of labour, the cheapness of bread in Holland, although a country producing little corn, enables the several administrations to employ, without burthening the public, all the healthy indigent, whose labour not only defrays the expense of supporting, but generally leaves something for luxuries to the inmates of work-houses. The degradation also which attaches to healthy persons obtaining charitable relief stimulates them to escape as early as possible from a means of support to which they have no *legal* claim.

Two circumstances, however, must be considered in respect to the labour of the healthy poor paying the expense of maintaining them; the first is, the free admission of corn from all countries, which enables the commissioners to feed them cheaply; the second, that nothing is

paid to the deaconries or Protestant overseers, who periodically administer the affairs of the poor, except their actual authenticated outlay. Were it not for these circumstances, I am enabled, from the details put in my hands, to say, that the labour of the poor in Holland would never pay for their maintenance.

In respect to the poor of England it is, therefore, at least to me, evident that, while the commissioners, or other managers, would have to feed the healthy indigent with dear bread (and considering the many other expenses in the management of our poor and workhouses), the labour of paupers will never pay for their maintenance. From this inquiry, however, a question arises of the greatest importance to England—

WHETHER, IF CORN WERE ADMITTED FREE, THE LANDED INTERESTS MIGHT NOT BE RELIEVED OF THE POOR RATES?

If we take Holland for an experimental example, the poor rates, by admitting corn free, may certainly be abolished;—I would abolish tythes also; and then, the landlords need not, I believe,

fear the introduction of foreign corn, free of duty, to England ;—but I am digressing.

Holland has been so long famous for benevolent institutions,* that they appear as ancient as their commerce. I find, in the book of a traveller, who appears to have visited the country at the end of the seventeenth century, the following very interesting account :—

"The alms-houses are many, and look more like princes' palaces than lodgings for poor people. First, there are houses for poor old men and women ; then a large square palace for three-hundred widows ; then there are hospitals for boys and girls, for burghers' children, and for strangers' children, or those called foundlings. All these boys and girls have, every Sunday, and other days of worship, two doits given them by the fathers of these houses, the which the children put into the deacon's bag when they gather

* In 1782, the famous work-house, to prevent disorder from mendicity was erected at Amsterdam. The principal edifice is 360 feet long, and 180 feet broad. Here all indigent persons may get employment. There is a very meritorious society also at Amsterdam for ameliorating the moral condition of prisoners.

for the poor in the churches. Then there is an hospital for fools, and a Bedlam; then there are houses where common beggars, and gamesters, and frequenters of tap-houses are kept hard at work; there is also a house called a Rasp-house, where petty thieves, and such as slash one another with knives,—such as beg with cheating devices,—women with feigned great bellies,—men pretending to have been taken by the Turks, —other that pretend wreck at sea,—and such as beg with a clapper or bell, as if they could not speak or hear;—such as these are kept hard at work, rasping every day fifty pounds between two of them, or else are beaten; and if yet they rebel, and won't work, they are set in a tub, where, if they do not pump, the water will swell over their heads. Then there is a house where wh—s are kept to work, and also disobedient children, who live idle, and take no course to maintain themselves; likewise, women commonly drinking themselves drunk, and scolds."*

* The Rasp house of Amsterdam (Le Mannen tucht et Rasphuis) in a *ci-devant* convent, contains, besides the criminals' cells for working, a place for punishing idlers, chiefly by compelling

"All these sorts of hospitals and alms-houses are stately buildings, richly adorned with pictures, and their lodgings very neat and clean. In some of the boys' and girls' hospitals there are one thousand five hundred; in some, eight hundred, and in some, five hundred, in a house. Then they have houses where a man or woman may have their diet, washing, and lodging, for life, by giving a small sum of money; these are called Proveniers' houses."

At the present time, there are, in all the large towns, hospitals endowed by private individuals, and others maintained by Societies, particularly those established or managed under the direction of the "Society of the Friends of Humanity and Public Utility;" and the admirable Blind Asylum founded and maintained by the Free-

them to pump out water which runs down upon them, and would, if they did not work, drown them.

The workhouse (Werkhuis) is an immense building. There is a section of it with apartments for extravagant or drunken wives, confined on proof, and on complaint being made by their husbands. Husbands are *vice versâ* liable to be impressed; and in one part of the edifice are confined young ladies of the first families, for undutiful behaviour, or for acts of domestic scandal.

masons of Amsterdam. The institutions for orphans, especially those founded by that excellent lady, the late widow Renswoude, are probably superior to any similar establishments in the world. The Amsterdam Orphan house, first founded nearly three hundred years ago by Haasje Claas, has distinct street entrances for boys and for girls. Here none under twelve years are admitted. They receive an excellent useful education, may choose the trade they like best, and great care is afterwards taken by the guardians that they lead industrious and regular lives. They wear a costume partly red and partly black. They are only allowed to travel, or go out, by consent of the guardians. It is forbidden to give them drink at the taverns or dram shops, or to admit them to places of dangerous resort. The management is confided to six guardians for the boys, and six matrons for the girls; and has for its support several funds arising from legacies, and some farms near to the city.

The Deacons' Orphan House, Amsterdam, so called from its administration being managed

by the Protestant deacons, was established as far back as 1637, for the purpose of rearing orphans not the children of the citizens. This is a vast building, with numerous rooms, and an excellent pharmacy, which prepares medicine for all poor persons, without distinction. The orphans in this establishment wear black, and are, when they are able to gain their livelihood, provided with means to begin with.

The hospital of the Lutherans of the Conference of Augsburg, was built in 1749; and, was afterwards by the French turned into a military hospital, after which the Lutheran directors purchased another building near the park. Taking the whole of this institution for old men and women, and for children, it is admirably conducted. The inmates are well lodged, well fed, and the young people thriftily employed. It has a pharmacy, botanical garden, &c.

The convent of the Beguines offers employments in lace-making, &c., to Catholic females; and the nuns go in and out, and sell the articles they make, at pleasure.

There are, besides, two Catholic Orphan houses, the one founded in 1700, for four hundred boys, who are clad in black, are well provided for, and receive a very useful education; the other built in 1786, for orphan girls, is a large, handsome building, containing several paintings. Nothing can exceed the good management of this house; the girls are clad in black, with white caps — they are well provided for on leaving the house. The Jews have no less than six orphan houses, but they are on a much smaller scale than the others.

To me, it was delightful to observe the clean, comfortable, healthy looks of the orphan girls at Amsterdam, the Hague and other towns, with their neat black dresses and white caps, kerchiefs, and long gloves. In truth, they are brought up morally and physically, as properly, as comfortably, as if their parents were living and in easy affluence. They are prepared for becoming good wives, and good mothers; and, in Holland the evils and immoralities are unknown, which in England reduce to wretchedness and disease, the destitute and often genteelly-educated

daughters of men who, although ranking as gentlemen, live poor, and die poor.*

Would to God, that at least an attempt were made in London, Dublin, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow—yea, even in an archbishop's see, York, and other large towns, similar to that practised with invariable success, and with such honour to the country and to its people, in Holland.

The hospitals for the aged and the diseased in Holland are equally worthy of praise.

In Amsterdam, at the hospital of St. Peter, founded in 1578, all sick persons, no matter of what religion or country, are admitted, lodged, nourished, and attended by medical men until their health be restored. This hospital has its pharmacy, its bakery and brewery, exempted from the usual impost, &c.

The old women's hospital, founded in 1550 by a legacy bequeathed for the purpose by Esther Claas (a name not to be forgotten in Holland) supports one hundred and seventy poor old

* I allude especially to the children of clergymen, officers in the army, and others who, educated and ranking as gentlemen, have had their means or hopes blighted.

females. Another hospital for old women belongs to the Anabaptists. There is also a hospital for indigent widows; one called the Lazaretto, founded as far back as 1409—for lepers —now for lodging decayed persons, who have not sufficient means to live without. There is another, supported by a legacy left by a citizen of the name of Corver and his wife, for the maintaining of needy old married people until one of the two dies, then the survivor, if a widow, is taken to the widows' hospital—if a man, to the Old Men's; and another on the same principle, founded in 1789 by money left by the will of dame Van Mekeren. The hospital of the Old-Poor, a most admirable institution, was founded in 1681, at the expense of the city, and placed under the management of the deacons. It has a refectory one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and an infirmary of the same extent. In the rear there is a very large garden. In 1774, Cornelia Elizabeth Occo, a wealthy lady, founded the hospital for the miserable aged of the Catholic religion. It also is well managed, and has a fruit and kitchen-garden attached to it. The

Waloon hospital takes in orphans, and aged poor of its own creed. Madame Deutz, widow of M. Van Bosdyk, founded the Haine Deutzen Hofje, for twenty poor aged women of the reformed religion. It is still managed by the descendants of the founder. The lunatic asylum, which was rebuilt on being burnt in 1732; and the blind asylum, are managed with great care and honour to the *Reents*. The reader will think that I shall never end with the hospitals and institutions of Amsterdam, I will, therefore, little more than merely name the remaining;—viz., the English hospital, which has existed since 1787; but in which are very few inmates; the Foundation of Brantz, instituted by a Russian of that name for twenty-one aged Lutherans; the Foundation Fontaine, established at the expense of dame Fontaine, and still directed by her family, has fourteen apartments for old people of the reformed religion; the Foundation Swigters has eighteen apartments, for thirty poor old Catholics. It was founded by a worthy bookseller of the name it bears. The Court of Roses, so called from the buildings surrounding

an immense flower-garden, and supported by a legacy bequeathed in 1741 by Mynheer de Yager, maintains twenty old widows or maids. The Foundation Von Brienen, an unostentatious but admirable establishment, was founded by a munificent and rich merchant, Mynheer Von Brienen, for the maintenance of old Catholics; the Rapen-Hofje, (or hospital) Roeters-Hofje, Blokken-Hofje, Okkers-Hofje, Medenblekken-Hofje, Zwaardvegers-Hofje, Grills-Hofje, Linden-Hofje, Rijpen-Hofje, Suckers-Hofje, Niewe-Suckers-Hofje, Anslo's-Hofje, Hamers-Hofje, Claas-Regniers-Hofje. Zeven-Keurvortens-Hofje, Otters-Hofje, or, Moens; the Bouwers-Huisjes, the Paarslakens-Huisjes, the Huisjes Van Bosch, and the Hofjes in den Schuijermakersgang complete, with four Jewish hospitals, I believe, the whole number of hospitals and orphan houses, excepting the

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

This is a very different establishment to that remarkable institution the "*Enfants-trouvés*" at

Paris. The foundling institution of Amsterdam, built in 1663, affords accommodation for about nineteen hundred infants of both sexes, whose father or mother, or both, have died travelling, in making sea voyages, in prison, or otherwise. The infants are sent first to nurses, until they are old enough to be admitted into the hospital. The boys are then taught a trade, or are enlisted into the army, or apprenticed to become sailors; the girls are brought up to be servants. The health, the food, the mode of instruction are carefully attended to. The building is about four hundred feet long, exclusive of the wings. The schools, the dormitories, the infirmary, the pharmacy, the bakery, &c., are all admirably regulated. The children wear black clothes, with a red or white belt over the left shoulder. Abandoned infants are also provided for here. The children of Catholics and Protestants are admitted indiscriminately. This institution possesses large funds to support it.

Parents of illegitimate children are compelled, if known, to maintain them.

The number of these institutions in a city, the

population of which does not exceed 218,000 inhabitants—viz., 198,000 Christians, and 20,000 Jews, is astonishingly great, and especially so when nearly the miseries of the whole population of the United Provinces are equally alleviated.

The Dutch are neither a very social nor a very hospitable race, but they are, in providing voluntarily * the means of instruction for the needy; and shelter, clothing, food, and medicine for the infirm and destitute young, with employment for the healthy poor, a highly-benevolent people.

* There is no compulsory relief, it must be remembered, as in England. Although the law of 1818 fixes the parish of a male to be that in which he was born, or that in which he has resided for four years; and of a child, that in which its father, (or mother, if a widow) lives, this merely gives a claim to parish funds left by bequests, or otherwise collected by voluntary donations.

FREDERICK'S OORD.

This Oord, or district lying near Steenwyk, situated on the confines of the Drenthe, Overyssel, and Friseland, was fifteen years ago chiefly a barren heath—and the origin of its cultivation and settlement may be considered as owing to circumstances which seem to coincide by arrangement for good purposes.

In 1817, the king's attention was engaged in a plan for reclaiming an immense heath which occupies a great portion of country, lying between Mordyke and Breda, on the North and West; and of Maestricht, on the South and East, of the Province of Antwerp.

Sometime before, General Van-den-Bosch, returned from Batavia to Holland. He had been remarkably successful in the profitable cultivation of waste lands in Java, merely by imitating the example of a Chinese Mandarin, who with

several emigrant countrymen, settled near the lands possessed by the general. Soon after his return to Europe he published a pamphlet on the utility and practicability of establishing national pauper home-colonies on the waste land within the kingdom. The king immediately entertained the subject—a society was at once formed at the Hague, with Prince Frederick as president; the members of which, twenty-thousand in number immediately contributed 70,000 florins, about 5,850*l.* sterling, a small sum individually only 3½ florins, yet sufficient to purchase one thousand three hundred acres of tolerably good land, two thousand six hundred acres of heath district, and to pay the expense of preliminary operations. The land cost 56,000 florins,—14,000 remained. The first operations were rendering the river Aa, which runs through the district, navigable to the Zuyder Zee; erecting fifty-two cottages for as many families, or for six or eight individuals, each; and a public magazine, a spinning factory, and a school.

On the 10th of November, 1818, fifty-two pauper families were sent from various communes

and settled in the colony: to which was given the name of Frederick's Oord.

The expense, of establishing, with necessary outfits, three families, or twenty-four individuals, was found to amount to 5,100 florins, or about 142*l.* sterling. Loans were then raised, each limited to this amount, as the expense of locating three families—these were advanced by the government; by the king, in his private capacity; by communes; and by benevolent societies, or individuals. For each loan the contributors were allowed to send three families, to consist of twelve paupers, six orphans, or foundlings, a married couple, or a woman to take charge of the children.

The whole establishment was placed under the superintendance of general Van-den-Bosch; a sub-director was appointed to preside over each hundred families; a quarter-master over twenty families; and a section-master, thoroughly and practically an agriculturist, over twelve families.*

* There is some resemblance between this plan and that of the military agricultural settlements in Russia. Besides the members of the society who have an interest in the property at Frederick's Oord, there are numerous private contributors without any personal interest whatever.

Perhaps no arrangement to prevent confusino, and to promote industry could be better than this plan; each section being as it were placed in a state to emulate the other.

There employments were regularly subdivided —some were occupied in making bricks, erecting dwellings, burning lime, &c. The women in spinning, and weaving. But the chief occupation was reclaiming and cultivating the land; the spade and hoe have been generally used. All labour has been, and is still, performed by the piece, or quantity, not by time. A regular account of all the work done is kept; and although the colony, in point of profit, has not realised the sanguine expectations of the society, nor, as a commercial speculation is it likely to succeed; yet, eight thousand paupers, including two thousand four hundred orphans and foundlings have been well provided for: the labour of the working paupers have paid their maintenance; and the lands are considered worth nearly as much annual rent per acre as the original cost. From the statement given me at Amsterdam, the order, sobriety, and industry of Frederick's Oord

is remarkable, they have places of worship and schools for Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews.

The adjoining colony for orphans at Wateren, and the colony at Veënhuisen have answered equally well. Profit, however, need not be expected. *

The colony at Wortel, in the province of Antwerp, was founded in 1822, under the direction of Captain Van-den-Bosch, brother to the General, and in respect to the plan of operation, similar to that of Frederick's Oord. The company, however, at Wortel contracted to maintain one thousand paupers for 35 florins each, per annum; other paupers were afterwards taken: another pauper settlement was undertaken by one person, near Bruges, who also agreed with government to maintain one thousand paupers for 35 florins each, per annum; but whether from the separation of Belgium from Holland, or whether the pauper colonists, chiefly idle vagrants sent from Brussels being of an inferior class, certain, however, it is, that the pauper settlements in Belgium are far behind the colony of Frederick's Oord, in prosperity.

* See notes to Note Book, No. 4.

GOVERNMENT.

THE king, who is hereditary in the male line, has similar, but more extensive powers than the kings of England and France. He has a council of twenty-four, or more members, whom he names and displaces at will, and to whom he submits the propositions he intends making to the States General, and those which the States make to him. The States General are supposed to represent the nation; this is ideal, for the king appoints the members of the upper house for life, who must be forty, or more, years of age; and even nominates the presidents of the chambers. The second chamber consists of members not under thirty years old, and elected by the provinces and towns. All the members receive indemnity for their time;—those of the upper house, 3,000 florins per annum; those of the lower chamber receive, besides travelling expenses, 2,500 florins

per annum. The budget of expenses originates from the king, but it must have the assent of the States General. In other matters there is little difference between the constitution of Holland and that of England,—and the laws of the former are not only more simple, but much better administered than in the latter country. There is neither in the high or supreme court of Holland, nor in any of the inferior tribunals, much scope for the trickery and perfidy of lawyers. The laws are clear and simple—defining explicitly right and wrong. Those relative to risks and losses by assurances, and all matters of debt are free from obscurity. In the event of bankruptcy, (a very rare occurrence in Holland) the substance of estates are not swallowed up by courts and attorney, as the average winding up of insolvent estates, for the last half century, unfortunately proves true in the case of English bankruptcies.

Nor are the effects and life of unfortunate debtors wasted between the villainous attorney, the bailiffs, spunging-house keepers, and gaolers, as, to the disgrace of England, is still the refin'd

barbarous practice among us. In Holland all matters of debt are managed admirably, wasting as little money and time as possible. Some of the laws are severe, particularly the game-laws; but they are clearly understood.

The press is considered free. It is not so, however, for the law by which it is regulated may be so constructed as not only to limit its freedom, but utterly to crush its existence. The police of the country, again, and, I believe, all public offices, are managed, as far as I could learn, with great regularity.

RELIGION.

From the date of the union of Utrecht until the year 1795, when the French subdued Holland, no person was eligible to any employment under government except Protestants.

Religious fanaticism, zealous bigotry — the great curses to which nations and individuals have ever been subjected, have exemplified absurdities, and have caused the perpetration of cruelties in the Low Countries, even among Protestants, which disgrace human nature. I need not allude to the blood of thousands that have deluged the Belgian provinces under the ferocious Duke of Alba, nor to his perfidious murder of the Counts of Egmont and Hoorn.*

* The prince of Orange, in 1566, had an interview with his friends, the counts of Egmont and Mansfield. His affairs appearing desperate, the two latter endeavoured to persuade the prince to swear allegiance to the governess, Margaret, natural sister of the tyrant Philippe. The prince replied, that the project of Philippe was only to destroy all the Protestants; that as

The foolish controversy which engaged the famous synod of Dordrecht, arising from a dispute on a mad religious question, between two cobweb-brained professors (Gomar and Arminius) of Leyden, led to the imprisonment of Barneveld, grand pensioner of Holland and Hoegebuts, pensioner of Leyden:—the celebrated Grotius, accused of the same folly, was previously imprisoned.

Prince Maurice accused them of being guilty of not favoring the dogmas of Calvin, and would not allow them the benefit of being adjudged by the States General, but created a tribunal of his own, which condemned Barneveld to death, and Grotius and Hoegebuts to perpetual imprisonment.

The former was hurried off to the scaffold,

the Inquisition and executioners had been established in every town in the Low Countries, he, to save his life and that of his family, abandoned his property and dignities, and was then retiring to Germany, and implored them to accompany him. The count of Egmont would not believe that Philippe, whom, and his father, he had faithfully served, would deceive him. They parted, the count of Egmont saying "*Adieu, prince sans terre!*" To which the prince of Orange replied "*Adieu, comte sans tête!*"

and died heroically, after serving the interests of Holland faithfully for forty years,* the others were confined in dungeons—this, like the witch-hangings in New England, was all for the glory of God! The successful synod of Dort then prescribed a translation of the Bible and a Confession of Faith, which alone was to be tolerated. The spirit of the dark, gloomy creed of Calvin long continued to characterise the Dutch: with the progress of intelligence it has softened down as it has in Scotland and Switzerland. — May the same spirit, whether in the form of Catholicism, Evangelical Episcopacy, Methodism, or Presbyterianism, never again outrage the worship of the God of mercy.†

* The son of Barneveld, to revenge his father's death, engaged in a conspiracy. His mother demanded his pardon. When she was asked why she had not asked for the pardon of her husband, she replied, that her husband was innocent, and required no pardon; and that she petitioned for her son's life, who was guilty.

† Sundays and fast days are decently observed. The churches are regularly attended, and, whether at the Protestant services, or at the Catholic masses, a gravity of manner is observable. There are no longer those religious societies, which dealt in gross invectives, in scandalous language—which excluded from salvation, from social intercourse, all who thought differently from

By the fundamental law of the kingdom, the members of all religions now enjoy, without distinction, eligibility to all offices and dignities. By a late return, there are, in the seven old provinces, 1,462 Protestant congregations, viz.—Dutch church, 1,216; Walloons, 28; Presbyterians, 5; Episcopal, 2; Lutherans, 45;

them, or worshiped not, in the same form as they did, the deity. At Amsterdam

The 10 Dutch reformed kirks have 27 ministers, 27 elders, 42 deacons, and 95,000 members.

The 2 reformed French churches have 5 ministers, 16 elders, 16 deacons, and about 3,000 members.

The 1 English Presbyterian kirk has 2 ministers, 4 elders, 4 deacons, and 340 members.

The 1 English Episcopal chapel has 1 minister, and 30 members.

The 1 Remonstrant church has 3 ministers, 3 directors, and 500 members.

The 3 Evangelical churches (Lutheran) have 9 ministers, 20 elders, 36 deacons, and about 30,000 members.

The 16 Catholic churches have 45,000 members, including the priests.

The 1 Anabaptist 7 ministers, 26 deacons, 2,000 members.

The 1 Moravian church, 1 minister, and 60 members.

The 5 Jansenist chapels, 500 members.

The 1 Armenian chapel has a priest and 9 members.

The 1 Greek chapel, a priest and 21 members.

The 4 Jewish synagogues have 23,110 members.

Mennonites, 120 ; Remonstrants, 26 ; Jansenists, 21. There are also 492 Catholics, and 124 Jews — in all, 2,078 congregations. This statement does not include North Brabant, in which there are 305,455 Catholics, and only 41,840 Protestants. The whole population of Holland, 2,450,924, according to the census for 1st January, 1830, was stated to consist of 1,568,108 Protestants, 836,720 Catholics, and 46,096 Jews.

EDUCATION.

THE Universities of Leyden, Utrecht, and Groningen,* the Athenæum at Amsterdam,

* The University of Groningen founded in 1614 although not so celebrated as those of Leyden and Utrecht, affords all the benefits of a liberal education. It has a good Botanic garden, and an excellent museum of natural history, arranged by Professor Van Sivendeern; the latter has been greatly enriched by the present king who made a present to it of the valuable collections (purchased by him) of M.M. Camper, father and son.

Among the many learned and scientific institutions, I must not omit to name the Institute of "Fine Arts, Sciences and *Belles-letters*," founded in 1808, at Amsterdam; and which has, since that time, extended its branches over all parts of the kingdom. The centre is, however, at Amsterdam in the splendid building called the "Tripper Huys" on the Klovonier Burgwal. The king is protector and premier member. It is divided into four classes, viz: —First class,—geography, mathematics and natural sciences in fivedivisions. 1st. Division, mathematics, geometry, astronomy, geography, and navigation; 2nd. Physics, mechanics, hydraulics, and navigation; 3rd. General-natural history, chemistry, and mineralogy; 4th. Botany, agriculture, and the rearing of cattle; 5th. Anatomy, chirurgery, medicine, and the veterinary art. Second class.—National literature, and history—1st. Division, eloquence, poetry and the national language; 2nd. History of the low countries, and national antiquities; Third class.—Greek, Latin,

numerous grammar-schools, charity-schools, and public elementary schools, in all the communes extend the benefits of instruction to all classes, at little expense to those who can afford to pay, and none to those who are indigent.

I have been particularly pleased in observing the care which parents devote to the education of their children. In this respect the similarity to the Scotch custom and principle is striking: and the home instruction of the children of the upper classes in Holland is admirable—English and French are now very generally taught; and

and Oriental literature, philosophy, the history and antiquities of other nations. 1st. Division, Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages, literature, and poetry; 2nd. Division, ancient, and modern history of all nations, (except the Low Countries), their antiquities, numismatic knowledge; 3rd. Division, philosophy; Fourth class, the fine arts. 1st. Division, the encouragement, protection, and appreciation of the fine arts; 2nd. painting; 3rd. sculpture; 4th. engraving; 5th architecture; 6th. music.

The society Felix Meritis gives lectures gratis on the fine arts, sciences, literature, physics, music, commerce, and political economy. To the Athenæum at Amsterdam, there is attached a Botanic garden and Anatomical hall. It has also the use of the vast library of the city. There is a very remarkable painting by Rembrandt, in the Anatomical hall, representing professor Tulp dissecting a subject.

in some families of my acquaintance great care is taken to commence the instruction of children in those languages as soon as they attempt speaking their own. They have usually a native English and French governess at the same time. This is certainly the proper course of teaching languages so as to speak them freely, correctly, and without the emphasis, intonations, and idioms of our mother tongue.

COMMERCE OF HOLLAND.

THE tyranny of Philippe II. led to the prosperity of Holland, and caused the decline of Belgium. The confederates who signed the celebrated act of compromise, resisted the Inquisition (the monstrous tribunal which had then filled all the dungeons with those suspected of heresy, and covered all the squares of the Low Countries with funeral piles), and waited with their petition at the court of Margaret, at Brussels, on the 4th of April, 1566. They were treated with disdain and called Gueux) BEGGARS. Next day they appeared in the streets clad in coarse grey stuff, a broad-brimmed hat, a belt with a porringer suspended, on which were cut the words, "VIVENT LES GUEUX," and a medal representing the king, with the words "fidèles au Roi" on the one side, and on the other the image of two hands joined, with the inscription "jusqu'à la belasce" (to the Wallet). They were joined by

thousands, and, notwithstanding the butcheries and burnings caused by the ferocious Duke of Alba, these *beggars*, by land and by sea, governed by the Prince of Orange, effected the independence of the Seven United Provinces in July, 1581; and laid the foundation of that extraordinary prosperity, which has enabled a country not more than one eleventh part as large as Spain, to maintain wars of extraordinary duration and expense, against the most potent monarchies; to lend vast sums to other nations; and to expend more money on works of internal improvement and protection, than any other country. Belgium having succumbed to Philippe, he drove thousands of Protestant manufacturers with their skill and industry to England, and on his capturing Antwerp, its vast trade fled to the ports of Holland.

To enter into the details of the growth and magnitude of the commerce of Holland would afford ample instruction to merchants, and to those who legislate on commercial affairs; but that would be a task requiring long and particular attention.

In the history and details of Dutch commerce, and of the colonization by Holland in Africa and India; of her trade with the North of Europe, and with Germany, by the ocean, by canals, and by the rivers that flow through her to the sea; of her fisheries, banking system, commercial legislation; of her public documents drawn up under the public authorities, and by her merchants; of her naval establishments; finances; and of the causes of the decline of her commerce, particularly of her carrying trade, and the suppression of her East-India company; of the bank of Amsterdam;* of the annihilation, for

* The bank of Amsterdam, instituted in 1689, was a bank of deposit, in which payments were made by the convenient mode of transferring sums from the account of one individual to another. By its original constitution it was bound to have bullion in its coffers equal to the amount of its liabilities. On the French conquering Holland, it was discovered that the directors had secretly lent 10,500 000 florins to the provinces of Holland and Friseland. The bank was ruined in consequence.

The present bank, styled that of the Netherlands, was established nearly on the plan of the Bank of England (in 1814). The capital, 5,000,000 florins, was doubled in 1819. It has enjoyed the exclusive privilege, and will continue to do so until 1839, of issuing notes as high as 1,000 florins (83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling) and not under 25 florins (2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling). It discounts bills with three approved signatures; lends money at such interest as may

a time, of her trade under the French government; of its resuscitation under the present king; and still more of her present rich condition, after all the vicissitudes, degradations, losses, and injustice to which she has been subjected, there is a field of study,—ample,—rich,—and varied, from which knowledge and wisdom may be gathered with admiration and with utility.

Far from advocating the grasping avarice of the Dutch agents in the East, or the monopolizing spirit of the company of the Indies, we may find that Holland affords in most other respects an example to the commercial world and to statesmen. Corn, and all articles of necessity, were procured by her at the lowest possible cost; * this enabled her to build ships, negociate

be agreed upon, and occasionally takes security for loans on merchandize at five per cent. The shares are each for 1,000 florins; the king personally holds one tenth of the capital; the stock is at about twenty-five per cent premium and the dividends have, since 1814, varied from being as low as three per cent up to seven per cent. A president, secretary, and five directors, chosen each six months, but always elegible to re-election, manage all its transactions.

* Speculating on the casualty of crops, and warehousing corn for the purpose of supplying other countries in years of dearth, were the principal source of wealth at one time to the Dutch. Sir

business, monopolize the company's spice trade, and even to regulate exchanges and lend money *safely* at a *less expense* than other nations.

As to the present trade of Holland it certainly has been prospering since the revolution of 1830. I am decidedly of opinion that the annexation of Belgium to Holland, in 1814, was greatly in favour of the industry of the former, and more than equally injurious to the commercial prosperity of the latter. That the re-annexation of Belgium to Holland would be an expensive inconvenient evil, injurious to the trade and prosperity of the inhabitants of the latter, and a great advantage to the inhabitants, the agriculture, and manufactures of the former, I can take upon me to say is the decided opinion of the most experienced and thinking people of both kingdoms.

Walter Raleigh observes, that "Amsterdam is never without seven hundred thousand quarters of corn, none of it of the growth of Holland; and a dearth of only one year in any other part of Europe, enriches Holland for seven years. In the course of a year and a half, during a scarcity in England, there were carried away from the ports of Southampton, Bristol and Exeter alone, £200,000, and if London, and the rest of England be included, there must have been carried away £2,000,000 more."

While the commerce of Holland has greatly augmented, the large standing army* and contingent expenses have greatly increased the public burdens; and, however mortifying it may be to the king, all good and honest men must wish that he would waive, even politically just claims, and agree to the ratification of such arrangements as might finally settle all disputes relative to Holland and Belgium — not, however, compromising the weal of Holland.

* The standing army consists of an effective force of - - - - - - 60,000
Twelve Provincial Regiments - - 35,000 } 95,000

The budget of expenditure proposed for 1834 was 53,892,898 florins, or about 36*s.* sterling tax on each individual, exclusive of municipal and provincial taxes. In the United Kingdom, for the same year, the expenditure about 49,000,000*l.* levied a tax of about 40*s.* a-head, exclusive of poor-rates and other burthens.

Until lately the government of Holland collected no tax from houses rented under 75 florins. This being taken extensive advantage of by builders and landlords (as was the case in building small houses, especially at Liverpool and several large towns in England) the government have lately made the landlords pay the tax, and the latter, in consequence, have raised the rents to 80 florins, thus, making the tenants liable, advising them, it is said, at the same time, to resist the payment of taxes. This is said to have caused the late riots at Amsterdam.

Rotterdam now enjoys nearly all the shipping trade possessed before the Revolution by Antwerp, and the trade with Batavia and other possessions in the East appears in a flourishing condition. The commerce with the United States, and with South America is daily increasing; and the trade of Holland with Germany and the North of Europe, although never likely to attain its former grandeur, has revived since the peace of 1814, and is now of very great importance. With England, the commerce of Holland has diminished, while our trade with Belgium, restricted by an extravagant tariff, has not increased.

Holland can scarcely be called a manufacturing country, yet her cotton, woollen, silk, linen, and flax fabrics have greatly increased since her separation from Belgium. Factories have sprung up at Rotterdam, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, and other places—The crushing of oil seeds, the sawing of timber, and the gin distilleries, are among the most important old establishments.

The decline of the Dutch fisheries seems not

easily accounted for, as they have equal advantages as heretofore. The Dutch whale fishery may be considered as annihilated, and the herring fisheries as supplying little more than the wants of the inhabitants.

The most unfortunate circumstance for the commerce of Holland, would, undoubtedly, be the re-annexation of Belgium. The spirit of the latter from being a manufacturing and agricultural country is that of a restrictive system, that of all others the most injurious to the prosperity of the Dutch trade. The protection, as it is termed, now given to the Dutch ships by the government, is also exceedingly illiberal in regard to those of other nations.*

* During the year 1832, 5,749 ships, measuring 661,670 tons, entered the ports, and 5,830 vessels, measuring 681,747 tons, sailed from the ports, of Holland.—The exports to Canton in Dutch bottoms for the year is rated at 50,419 Spanish dollars, and the imports from Canton to Holland 508,864 Spanish dollars.

See notes to Note Book, No. 5, for a calculation showing the forced advantage which the Dutch ship-owner has over a foreigner in the ports of Holland.

AMSTERDAM TO THE BELGIAN FRONTIER.

HAVING completed my inquiries at Amsterdam we left by a treck-schuyt for Utrecht, where we arrived in about seven hours. We were dragged along through a low wet country for eight or nine miles, and afterwards over more elevated and highly cultivated grounds, with numerous handsome houses, and occasionally groves of various kinds of trees. We remained at Utrecht sufficiently long to visit the old Hôtel de Ville, in which the "Act of Union" and the celebrated Treaty of 1713 were signed; the cathedral, from the tower of which twenty towns may be seen; the palace constructed by Louis Bonaparte, now used for the public offices; the national mint; the admirable institution founded by Dame Renswoude; the grand military hospital of the kingdom; the national veterinary school, and the university, which we found far from having, as a

late anonymous English traveller states* "lost its character, on its being nearly deserted by students, and the professors (said to be) reduced to a state of great poverty." That its professors are far from rich I admit, but those who will visit the halls, the library, observatory, museums of anatomy and of natural history, and the botanic garden of the university of Utrecht will not consider that it has lost its character. — Its philosophical and astronomical instruments are perhaps superior to those of any country.

There are few towns in Europe whose streets, dwelling houses, mall, and environs surpass those of Utrecht.

The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in manufacturing carpets, and various woollens, cottons, and hats. Its silk-velvet fabrics were ruined by the French, but are now reviving.

We hired a very handsome post-chaise and horses at the Hotel, at which we put up, and drove by an excellent road over an undulated wooded country to Gouda; a town celebrated

* See tour through South Holland, "Family Library," London, 1831. In most respects a very good guide.

for its breweries, pipe manufactory, and huge cathedral. From Gouda, the road leads, in most parts, over an artificial mound with fens and water on each side, nearly all the way to

ROTTERDAM,

where we arrived in the evening of the day we left Utrecht. We put up at the Hôtel de Bath, an excellent house, the landlord remarkably obliging, and the charges much less than at the Hôtel des Pays-Bas. I called next day on the British Consul, Mr. Ferrier, and I cannot express too fully my obligations to him for his very great kindness in putting me in possession of every possible information relative to my statistical inquiries, and on parting, he gave me letters of introduction to Baron Van Capellan, Aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange at Tilburg, and to the Duke Ernest of Saxe Weimar, at Eindhoven—

We left Rotterdam by the steam-boat for

DORDRECHT,

where I stopped to ascertain the details of the vast timber trade of which it is the great mart;

Mr. Ferrier having for that purpose given me a letter to his agent at this place.

Dordrecht is one of the oldest and most remarkable towns in Holland. It was here that the Prince of Orange in 1572 held the first meeting of the States General, and where also in 1619 the famous national synod sat, which finally decided, that Gomar's definition of Calvin's doctrines were alone pure and orthodox. This town was the birth place of those victims of popular brutality, the celebrated brothers De Witt; of Voscius, Merula, and the poet Decker.

Dordrecht, usually called Dort stands now on an almost sunken island. In 1421, a violent storm inundated the town and surrounding country, destroyed seventy-two villages, and more than one-hundred thousand inhabitants, and formed the island of Dort.

Although the buildings, canals, and *tout ensemble* of Dordrecht is the most curious in Holland; yet after visiting the cathedral, the windmills, the vast timber ponds, and building yards, there is nothing further to detain the traveller. Its foreign commerce has declined

less than perhaps that of any other town in Holland. This arises from its situation, as it would not be safe to float the vast timber rafts that come down the Rhine farther than Dordrecht, where those huge masses are disposed of. Its salmon fishery although still carried on, has greatly diminished. Its salt refineries, and timber mills, are important. The rock-salt used is shipped from Liverpool. It has several rope-works, ship-yards, tobacco manufactories, all which give full employment and maintenance to its population.

Whether the inn we put up at (near the river) is the best or not, we cannot tell, but in it alone, did we encounter dirty beds since we left Mayence.

We left Dort early in the morning by one of the steam-boats for Mordyke. Soon after, it blew furiously; and on our entering that broad arm of the ocean, called Hollands Diep, the sea rolled in against us so heavily that the steam-packet scarcely gained a mile an hour. My wife and most of the passengers were subjected to all the misery of sea-sickness; and the pitching

overturned whatever was unlashed in the cabins.

We, however, at last rounded the shoals * that stretch far out in the Diep, and were then enabled to run before the wind for Mordyke, within the pier of which we arrived in safety.

On ordering a post-chaise and horses the landlord of the Hotel told me the Prince of Orange was expected in the next-steam-boat, which was then heaving in sight. It was then blowing a hurricane; the steam-vessel made her way round the shoals with great difficulty, but at last entered within the mole.

The Prince was walking the deck and drenched with the spray when the boat arrived: the hostler led down his horse (a slender gelding) and the Prince, unattended, gallopped off over the heaths and open country to the camp at Tilburg; a distance of about twenty-five English miles.

* It was on the night of this day that the Amphitrite was lost at Boulogne; and on the shoals I allude to, that, in 1711, Prince John William Frise, Stadtholder of Friseland and Drenthe, perished.

We started soon after by a good road over a dreary country to

BREDA,

where we arrived in about three hours, and put up at an excellent Hotel, the Lion d'Or; but on going to the bureau of police and to the general commandant's residence, I found that we could not cross the frontier without a special passport from the Prince of Orange. There was no alternative, and off we drove with the same post-chaise and horses, five leagues, to the head-quarters of the army at Tilburg. We arrived just as the Prince was going to dinner, I sent up my letter of introduction; and on stating to the Aide-de-camp, the necessity of returning to Breda before the gates were shut at eight o'clock, the Prince immediately came down, was exceedingly courteous, and at once granted us a special passport.

There are few men whose manners are more winning than those of the Prince of Orange. He is tall, and graceful in person, with a fair

complexion, and rather light hair. He was living at Tilburg in a very humble house, little better than a cottage, beloved by every officer in the army; and that army in the utmost state of order and discipline. Far different is the state of the Belgian troops, that I not long before saw in different parts of that kingdom—the officers on the Prince's staff, and indeed all whom we had momentarily met at the camp were remarkably polite*. We returned, and before we reached

* The manners and unpretending demeanour of the prince of Orange, has, certainly, not only gained him the hearts of his soldiery, but even of the people of Holland and Belgium generally. Had his father allowed him to have assumed the Government of Belgium as a distinct Kingdom, Leopold would assuredly never have been king.

A very general feeling is manifested in the Dutch army, and among the people by the often-repeated expression, "*Hond vol Prins, wig Zullen Ook Volhonden*"—(Hold on well, Prince, and we will never abandon you.) There is curious truth in the following quotation from Simeon's Letters to his kinsfolk. "Mr. Galt, in his novel of Bogle Corbet, introduces a character, whose appearance is always the omen of evil to the Hero of the Romance. The apparition of Leopold has been equally ominous to the Prince of Orange. The Prince of Orange with what you call, in England, far greater pretensions, wooed the Princess of Wales, and was rejected to make place for him that was to have 'fortune thrust upon him!'

"The Prince of Orange was heir apparent to the Crown of

Breda, which we entered a little before closing the gates for the night, it blew a hurricane, and at night the rain came down in torrents We cannot speak too highly of our dinner, apartments, and beds at our hotel. The morning cleared up; it being Sunday we went to the Protestant church, formerly the Catholic cathedral of Notre Dame.—The service was similar, except the organ, to that of the Kirk of Scotland; and I have seldom observed a more respectable looking, and more attentive, decorous, congregation. In this church there is a superb monument to Engelbert of Nassau and his wife, by Michael Angelo—we visited afterwards the chateau finished by William III. of England—the beautiful esplanade and the wood and garden of Valkenbourg. Here our second Charles resided during his exile. He could at

Belgium, and universally loved by the people, who revolt against his father, and declare themselves independent almost for no other end, save that destiny had willed a kingdom to him who was doomed to have 'fortune thrust upon him.'

"Well may the Prince of Orange say to Leopold. 'In love, and ambition, in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. My very patrimony has become yours.'"

that period have found few places more suitable. Breda is one of the strongest towns in the Low Countries, and its population, about ten thousand, are chiefly employed in the breweries, and cloth and carpet manufactories.

Having seen all that we considered worth visiting, and having arranged with the same person, a very civil obliging fellow, with his post-chaise and horses, who brought us from Mordyke, to carry us over the frontier, we prepared to leave a country in which we met with no instance of incivility or even an attempt at imposition. Before I leave, I will, however, briefly notice the leading characteristics of their manners, habits, and pursuits.

SKETCH OF THE MANNERS, HABITS, AND NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.

"CANAUX, CANARD, CANAILLE, said Voltaire—who if he did not libel their country, has certainly done great injustice to the Dutch people.

> " Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall
> May man *un-dam* you and *God damn* you all,"

said Doctor Pitcairne, on leaving Holland:—this curse is terrible as that which Lord Byron puts into the mouth of Eve to damn Cain.

Dryden is scarcely less severe when he says—

> " The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
> To fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.

> The Straights, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,
> Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
> Be gulled no longer, for you'll find it true,
> They have no more religion, faith, than you,
> Interest's the god they worship in the state,
> And we, I take it, have not much of that.
> Well monarchies may own religion's name
> But states are Atheists in their very frame

With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
They have both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were born ere manners came in fashion;
And their new Commonwealth has set them free,
Only from honour and civility."

Sir William Temple says of Holland, "It is a country where the earth is better than the air, and profit more in request than honour: where there is more sense than wit; more good nature than good humour, and more wealth than pleasure: where a man would choose rather to travel than to live, will find more things to observe than desire, and more persons to esteem than to love."

This is doing the Dutch little injustice, but not justice, and although I do not differ much in my opinion of the character drawn by this elegant writer, of Holland and its inhabitants, when he knew both, being not only then, but even at this time, true, I would thus modify it—that honour is as much in request as in any country whatever, but it is honour made up of justice, truth, and talent, and that there is much to desire as well as to observe.

Differing widely from Montesquiou, who ascribes the phlegmatic temperament of the Dutchman almost solely to his climate, I believe that the soil, geographical position, and the atmosphere of Holland have influenced the habits and character of the people; and that their particular situation, as a state, in conjunction with surrounding political circumstances, must have given a calculating form to their relations with foreign countries, and to their individual and collective conduct in commerce and all the ordinary affairs of life.

Except in dress, and perhaps in having imbibed a somewhat more showy form of living, during the occupation of the country by France, no people have changed their habits of thrift and manners of life less than the Dutch; while, at the same time, it has, in all parts of Holland, appeared to me, that none are farther advanced in useful and general knowledge, or none who either understand the languages or affairs of other nations better.

In other respects it would be difficult, to falsify, except in one or two instances, the

following character of the Dutch sketched by the celebrated Puffendorff, a few years before William of Orange became King of England.

"The Seven United Provinces," says the Swedish counsellor, "of the states of the United Netherlands, are filled with a prodigious number of people, there being some who have computed that in the province of Holland the number amounts to two million five hundred thousand.

"And unto this vast number of people is to be attributed their industry, increase of trade, and great riches; for in a country which is not the most fruitful, and where every thing is very dear, they must else of necessity perish by famine. But most of the inhabitants were transplanted thither out of other countries, out of France during the times of the civil commotions,—out of England under the reign of Queen Mary—out of Germany during those long wars there—but chiefly out of the other provinces of the Netherlands, at the time of their revolting from Spain. These strangers were invited into

this country by its convenient situation, the liberty of religion, and the government; by its extraordinary constitutions and conveniences for trade and correspondency in all parts; and at last, by the great reputation which the States have gained abroad, by their wise management at home, and success of their arms abroad, and because everybody, who either brings some means along with him, or has learned something to maintain himself withall, finds a good reception in Holland; even those who are prosecuted in other places find a certain refuge in this country. The Netherlanders are commonly very open-hearted, down-right and honest, very free in words and conversation, not easily to be moved or stirred up; but if once made soundly angry, not easily to be appeased. If you converse with them without haughtiness and with discretion, so as to accommodate yourself a little to their inclinations, you may do with them what you please. Charles V. used to say of them, 'That there was not a nation under the sun that did detest more the name of slavery, and yet if you did manage them mildly and with discretion, did

bear it more patiently.'* But the rabble here is very bad, it being a common custom to speak ill and despicably of their magistrates, as often as things do not answer expectation. The Hollanders are very unfit for land service,† and the Dutch horsemen are strange creatures, yet those who live in Gueldres, and upon the borders of Westphalia, are tolerably good. But at sea they have done such exploits that they may be compared with any nation in the world. And the Zealanders are esteemed more hardy and venturous than the Hollanders. They are also generally very parsimonious, not much addicted to the belly, it being not the custom here to spend their yearly income, but to save every year an overplus. This saving way of living upholds their credit, and enables them to bear such heavy taxes without being ruined by them. They are very fit for all sorts of manufactory and very much addicted to commerce, not refusing to undergo any labour or danger, where something is

* This would appear to characterize the Dutch in the present day.

† Not, it would seem, so now.

to be got, and those that understand trade deal very easily with them. They are very punctual in every respect, pondering and ordering a thing very well before they begin it. And there is scarce any nation in the world so fit for trade as the Dutch, this being very praiseworthy in them, that they always choose rather to get somewhat by their own industry, than by violence or fraud. But especially, the greatest liberty which they enjoy, is a great encouragement for trade. The chiefest vice among them is covetousness, which, however, is not so pernicious among them, because it produces in them industry and good husbandry. There is a great many who have been amazed at the great conduct which has appeared in the management of their affairs, notwithstanding that the Hollanders in general are rarely of extraordinary wit or merits. Some alledge this for a reason, that a cold temper and moderation of passions are the fundamental qualifications of such as intend to manage state affairs."

Industry, economy and habits of saving are equally at this day the habits of the Dutch.

We do not hear of people retiring to spend their fortunes. Rich or moderately opulent parents, who in trade or in retiring from business live in splendor vying in their equipages, livery servants, sumptuous dinners and costly wines, with the most wealthy of the landed aristocracy, and leaving their sons and daughters in poverty, the former unfit for the ordinary pursuits of business; the latter, too frequently, to be seduced by some of the heartless rakes among the spending classes, or the army, and finally to the abandoned doom of promiscuous prostitution.

In their houses the Dutch have all the elements of comfort and substantial elegance. Their chief if not only extravagance is their collections of paintings, which in the possession of many private individuals, are often of great excellence and value.* Private equipages are rare. You scarcely ever see a family carriage, either in

* The expensive passion for flowers would appear to be still far from dormant. Lately (June 1835) Mynheer Vanderminck, formerly a captain in the Dutch navy, now an horticulturist at Amsterdam, has, it is said, paid M. Patrix a gardener of Ghent 14,000 francs for a new Tulip, which has been baptized "The Citadel of Antwerp."

Amsterdam, or Rotterdam, and very few at the Hague. Hackney coaches are sufficiently numerous in the latter.

The general hereditary maxim among all classes is to regulate expenses according to income, be the latter ever so limited. And all in trade or engaged in any branch of trade consider it a bitter subject of reproach, if one year in their lives should pass away without in some degree augmenting their capital. Hence the wealth of the Dutch and the infrequency of bankruptcies in Holland.

The Dutch do not however subject themselves to such habitual hard menial labour, as the English and Flemings. They traffic on the land, and on the sea, and they make the force of the wind and of machinery, and the strength of horses, do most of their laborious and domestic work. One horse drags passengers or goods to and fro in Treckschuyts; and even the street-porters seldom carry burthens: they use either a wheel-barrow, or, when able, or find they can gain more by so doing, they have for the purpose one horse, harnessed to a drag or sledge.

The example of the Dutch living in the canal or river-boats illustrates their industry and thrift. A man marries—he and his wife possess or purchase a small boat that will carry one to three tons. They live, cook, move about, carry articles to and from markets; and their first, if not second, child is born, or at least nursed in this puny vessel. The wife nurses the children, mends and often makes all the family clothes, cooks, and assists in navigating the craft, especially in steering; when you may, at the same time, observe the husband with a rope over his shoulder dragging the boat along a canal or river when the wind is adverse.—In process of time they buy a larger vessel, probably of six or seven tons, and if the smaller one be not unfit for use, sell it to a young beginning couple. In the second vessel their family grow up, until they are probably strong enough to manage, together with perhaps an additional hand or two, one of those large vessels carrying from two to four hundred tons, called Rhine-boats: on board of all which, the population live in the way I have already alluded to. In all Dutch operations,

although the nature of different pursuits will not admit exactly of the same gradation, the spirit is the same, whether as merchants, or as graziers; commanders of, or sailors in, East India-ships; skippers of galliots, or of herring-busses.

The Dutch, in their diet, are, certainly, frugal, yet, although it is maintained that all their good butter and cheese are exported, generally speaking, their food is substantial and their cooking and fare, among the merchants and citizens, scarcely differ from both in England. On board their merchant vessels the fare is certainly much less costly than in English ships.

They dress plainly, but now much in the English and French fashions, and the higher classes wear the finest English and Saxony cloths. The clothing of the labouring people is, except in some parts of North Holland, and the Eastern provinces, assimilated in cut and form to that of the English. Formerly when they had extensive manufactories of silk and fine woolens, they exported the whole, and imported coarse linens and woolens for domestic use. Of the spices of India, and the silks of China, few were consumed in Holland.

No people are better calculated for merchants. They make the most minute calculations, and enter with caution into speculations. Hence their certain though generally slow success.

The Dutch are accused of being not only inhospitable to strangers, but unsocial among themselves; and that there is a general understanding when they dine with each other, or when they invite strangers to dine or sup, that as much is expected to be given before departure to the servants, as will, at least, be equal to the value of what has been eaten or drank. The servants certainly expect, and get more than in other countries; but whether the masters receive the amount, as is stated, I know not.

It requires a somewhat long residence to speak justly of their hospitality, or their friendship; and it would be, at least, presumptuous in me to give an opinion on the subject. My impression certainly is, that they are a people slow in attaching themselves to others; and that their hospitality has little of the warm-hearted welcome, which we meet with in England and Scotland, far less of that boundless kindness which all strangers experience in every part, and

among all classes in Ireland. The following passages I have translated from a Dutch book published in 1825, at Amsterdam, entitled a Statistical and Historical account of that city.

"It is unjust to judge of the general character of a nation, by that of such colds peculators, and grave personages as transient visitors often meet with. We find in Holland among both sexes, persons of the most amiable disposition. If they want the vivacity of the French, they have not the fickleness of that people.

"The inhabitants of this great city (Amsterdam) may be divided into four classes:—the patricians, or old noblesse, the merchants, the shopkeepers, and the labouring class.

"In the houses of the first, the stranger will enjoy the most agreeable and *piquante* society; frequent dinner, and tea parties, *soirées* and sumptuous suppers; and, although *étiquette* be not strictly enforced, you observe the ton of the best companies. Occasionally, it must be admitted, frozen souls mix with the first circles.

"In the families and houses of the merchants

you have ceremony, and dulness; they seldom give entertainments. Confined to their counting-houses and to the exchange, speculating calculations absorb all their thoughts, and render them insensible to social pleasure. Saturday evening and Sunday are their only hours of leisure; and, then, even the greatest merchants prefer leaving the city for the country to the pleasure of seeing their friends.

"A stranger, unless he be a merchant himself, and from whose acquaintance some advantage is expected, will, although ever so respectably introduced, receive but a very slight welcome,—a dinner will be the *ne plus ultra* of the politeness extended to him, and the grave silent air of the host, seems honestly to tell the stranger, 'let your visits end here.'

"The tables of the higher classes are handsomely laid out, but refined cookery reigns not. The shopkeepers are honest, civil, and feel obligations conferred upon them, and are of good and kind character. The smaller shopkeepers visit and receive their visitors with their hats on, and with their pipes smoking; their women seldom

join in the conversation. The lower or labouring people are *brusque* and irascible; but even the fishwomen are becoming somewhat less rude in language and manners. The Amsterdamers are fond of the theatres, of which there are three; one each, Dutch, German, and French. The first is most frequented, and at the second operas are given. The most frequent concerts, for the merchants and upper class are given at the *Felix meritis*. Public balls are also frequent, but to strangers disagreeable, from the general habit of smoking; a national indulgence, prohibited only at the *Redoute* of the French theatre. On Sundays the shops are shut, and all devout persons go to church. The others walk to the country, and in the afternoon to the *Guinngettes*, without the towns, to smoke, drink tea, or wine, to hear music, and to dance. In the winter season all classes of each sex resort to the canals and to the lake of Haarlem, to enjoy the pleasure of skating and sledging. Tents are placed here and there on the ice, where all kinds of refreshments are sold; musical bands accompany the multitude and the

whole forms a scene of very peculiar character.

"In the month of September the great three weeks kermesse, or fair commences and the common people then give full indulgence to all their ideas of pleasure, and drown all their cares in gin.

"There existed formerly in Amsterdam temples of sensuality, of peculiar iniquity; they might well be termed the crucible in which was melted the gold which the sailors earned on their long voyages and in the colonies; the police has rectified many of the abuses of these houses, which are called musicos, and *spiel-huis*.

"The unfortunate girls that are lured to them are the most miserable creatures in all Holland, they are beaten, badly nourished and treated as slaves by the abominable *spiel-house* keepers.*

* In another account of Amsterdam written in French, and published 1827 in that city, I find the following. "If you have a letter of introduction you are received politely. If you stay above a few minutes, the Dutchman's brow clouds. If perchance he invites you to dinner, go after change; you have a luxurious repast in silence, and at four o'clock he leaves you without ceremony for his counting house. The wife goes off at the same time to the nursery, and you are left to amuse yourself as

The vices of the Dutch chiefly consist in the lower classes drinking great quantities of gin, and the unceasing habit of smoking indulged in

you please; when you are going away remember that the servant expects a couple of florins.

"At the close of the evening the men repair to the coffee-room to smoke, to the Société to read the papers, or to the spiel-huis. If with his family and in summer, to the Rondeel, a kind of Vauxhall, or to the Guinguettes without the town he to smoke and spit, and she to drink tea and to sew. The Dutch are fond of gazing unseen and in silence on the passing crowd; this is the reason that they have espions to their windows, and that their smoking houses and Guinguettes look over some public place or road. Robust field sports are to them unknown. They fish in the canals from their windows, and sometimes shoot wild fowl and snipe in the marshes. Every Dutchman carries his smoking materials about him, and every shop in twenty sells tobacco. He goes to the spiel-house even with his wife and children, to see the unfortunate victims of lewdness exhibit their indecencies."

The spiel-houses, are, it appears to an incredible number licensed by the government, and the multitude of unfortunate girls, chiefly daughters of peasants, and the lower classes, which are lured into them by the keepers of these dens, seems incredible. The girl that once, alone, crosses the threshold of a spiel-house is soon got and kept in debt. If she attempts then to go away, she is arrested by law, and sent back; and there the poor wretch remains, until her constitution is worn out, and her beauty gone. These brothels pay heavy contributions to the government; and still exhibit shocking scenes of iniquity, (although so much more restrained in vice than formerly) which disgrace the Dutch character.

by the middle and upper ranks. To which must be added the sensuality of their disgraceful *spiel-houses*.

Funerals at Amsterdam and at other large towns are far from pompous. The *Aanspraker*, a personage to be seen in every street in Amsterdam, dressed in black, and with a pendant of the same colour suspended from his hat, announces the death of all who die to their acquaintances; and the chief expenses of the funeral consists of the sum, a kind of tax, charged for the interment according to the lateness of the hour, at which the relatives will have the deceased buried; after two o'clock the charge is 25 florins; at half past two 50 florins; at three 100 florins; at half past three 200 florins, and so on.

Among the lower ranks in town and country, all who can claim the slightest acquaintance with the deceased, follow the body to the grave; they then return to pay their respects to the widow who provides liquor for them, and after partaking of three or four glasses each, they all depart except the relatives and friends of the

family, who remain to revel. At this feast the nearest relative presides; bumpers are drunk to the repose and welfare of the defunct, and to the prosperity of the living, until all griefs are drowned in gin and beer. Songs decent, ludicrous, and obscene succeed; music then strikes up, the widow leads off the dance, which, with boisterous amusements are continued until the day dawns.

In Overysell these funeral festivities were carried to so extravagant a length, that the authorities interfered and strictly forbade them.

The charges of cruelty, and avarice against the Dutch have been greatly exaggerated, and as a general assertion without truth. As to the infamous murder of the De Witts, and the execution of Barneveld, and the cruelties of the Dutch at Amboyna, the first were sacrificed by factious ruffians; and in respect to both the latter crimes, before we consider England more humane and just, the world and ourselves must forget the murder of Sir Walter Raleigh, our indiscriminate butcheries, and drownings in the East Indies, and our employing, by the solemn order of the

home government, the red savages of America who scalped, burnt, and tortured to death, all ages and sexes, during our unrighteous war against the liberties of our kinsmen of the West.

As to the charge of avarice we must discriminate between the passion for accumulating money for the purpose of amassing it for riches sake alone, or for personal gratification and ostentatious show, and

> "Gathering gear by every wile
> That's justified by honour;
> Not for to hide it in a hedge
> Nor for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent."

The latter is the Dutch method and object. They gather not wealth, but by honourable means; and their numerous benevolent institutions, with their extreme disinterestedness in ameliorating the condition of their fellow creatures, not only proves the falsity of avarice being a national character, but raises the population as high in the moral scale as the most benevolent and upright people in the world.

By their hatred to tyranny and oppression, they afforded the first durable example of free and religious liberty to the rest of Europe. To a country almost floating on the waters, and subjected to sudden inundations, they have given a firm foundation and raised formidable barriers to the inroads of the latter. They have, without stone or timber in the country, built spacious cities, and superb edifices, the foundations of which they have carried from a-far. Without possessing at home a solitary material used in the construction of a ship, they have built navies that have swept the flags of their former tyrants from off the ocean, and disputed the seas with the most formidable fleets. Without arable land, their cities became granaries for supplying Europe; and with a territory not so extensive as Wales, and the people at all times subjected to heavy taxation, their army, their fleet, and their commerce have enabled them to rank among the nations of Europe.

Although under Napoleon their commerce was nearly annihilated, that statesman will be greatly

in error, who classes the Kingdom of Holland among those that rank not in political consequence. The population is at this moment the richest, and the commerce of Holland the most prosperous, and the people the most able to pay their public burthens of any in Europe.

We are now leaving the Dutch and their country. I may probably never behold it again —with my habits and associations; my friendships and my predilections, it is not a country in which I would choose to live, but in none have I seen more that is worthy of the earnest study of the statesman, of the political economist, and of the would be generally informed merchant. At least in none have I been able to learn so much with equal satisfaction and I hope benefit.

CROSSING THE FRONTIERS.

We left Breda in the same post-chaise and with the same honest postillion (with his horses) which we hired at Mordyke. On the road leading to Antwerp the officers at the several out-posts demanded, at least ten times, an examination of our special passport, before we arrived at Groot Zundert, the Dutch frontier town; where also we were delayed about half an hour, but at the same time treated with great civility, and our postillion allowed to drive us over the neutral ground to West-wesel, the Belgian frontier town. This neutral ground is a most dreary track—the houses and toll-gates are deserted,—and the cultivation of a soil, naturally barren enough, is now altogether neglected.

The Belgian police and douaniers we found disposed to be rude and annoying. They were even brutal in their conduct to our postillion —observing that an inn formed part of the

same house in which were stationed the police and douane officers—my wife asked, on entering, for a bottle of wine ; I for a Krug of Faro beer, and in a familiar way, we asked women, police officers, and douaniers, to have some of each. They became at once ready to oblige us, although, meanwhile, cursing and nicknaming our honest Dutchman, whom they compelled to return without refreshing his horses, or allowing himself to taste of meat or drink within their territory.

Soon after we were accommodated with a clumsy, crazy vehicle, and two heavy horses. The day became disagreeable and wet, yet, although four or five hours at most would have been sufficient to have carried us to Antwerp, our postillion would halt at Gooring, where there was on that day a merry Kermesse, as he termed it, which in many respects resembled one of the fairs in our country towns.

The country, which for some miles on each side the frontiers is little else than a vast heath, becomes fertile and well cultivated at Gooring, and continues so to Antwerp ; where, in conse-

quence of our Belgian postillion caring more for the merry Kermesse, than for his engagement to us, we did not arrive until nearly dark—we put up at the Hôtel St. Antoine, an excellent house facing the Place Verte, near the Cathedral.

ANTWERP.

Being anxious to view the actual state of this famed Citadel, although eight months after its capitulation I called on the British Consul (a Belgian nobleman, who is very courteous to strangers). He gave me a note to the Commandant, General Buzen I sent the Consul's note, and my passport, as is usual, with a note from myself, begging, as I was anxious to proceed early to Brussels, permission to see the Citadel that day. My valet-de-place returned, saying, that on his waiting for a reply he was ordered about his business. As it was necessary for me to have my passport back, I proceeded after attempting in a dozen places to get a coach, as it was then raining fast, to the General's quarters, at the opposite end of the town. On entering I asked for one of his Aides-de-Camp—a lad in uniform appeared. I said I wished to see the General's Aide-de-

Camp; or if not, that he would oblige me by getting me my passport—I was then literally dripping—he replied "I am the General's Aide-de-Camp." Well, Sir, you can the more readily let me have my passport, which the gallant General has been pleased to retain in place of neither returning it or granting the act of courtesy which I civilly begged of him; and whic I know he is bound to observe. He said "I shall go for the passport." He brought it, and said, "perhaps if I ask the General he will see you, and give you permission to view the Citadel." I replied, "No, I have no wish to disturb, (deranger) or see, General Bůzen, but you will oblige me by saying I will thank him for the British Consul's letter, and my own note—in fact, that I demand both." He went back, and soon after, instead of either the letter or note, he returned with an order to the officer on duty to show me every part of the Citadel.

I would not have mentioned this circumstance were it merely an incident which happened peculiarly to myself; had I not learnt at the

Consulate, and elsewhere, as well as having been assured by English, German, and French Travellers of being similarly treated, and who complained at Antwerp also of the rudeness and annoyance of the police, douaniers, and other officers generally in Belgium.

THE CITY.

It being rather late to view the Citadel on my return, we walked on, the weather clearing up, to one of, if not the richest gothic edifices in Europe, the cathedral; thence to the church of St. James, in which repose the family of Rubens; then to the church of St. Andrew, containing a mausoleum erected to the memory of Mary queen of Scots; and then to the church of the Dominicans, in which are several paintings of Rubens, Teniers, Vandyke, &c. We, next morning, visited the museum and two private collections of paintings, walked along the principal streets and to the docks. The churches, and the paintings, and statues which they contain, and the justly-famed museum have been so frequently described, that I

will say nothing further of them than, that if no more were to be seen or learned on the Continent, Antwerp alone is more than worthy of a visit from all lovers of art and persons of taste.

The town itself, with its spacious streets, broad quays, capacious and deep port, large docks, high walls, strong fortifications, and splendid houses, is one of the most sumptuously built in Europe. It is now, however, a dull, sad, and inactive place. Before the revolution of 1830, its streets, its exchange, its quays, and its docks, exhibited all the vigorous activity of a great commerce, revived in a city that was once the justly proud boast of the Netherlands. But that commerce has nearly fled, chiefly to Rotterdam; and we observed scarcely any ships in the docks; little activity on the quays; no stir on the exchange; and in its broad streets and spacious places, lined with the palace-like mansions of absent merchants and *ci-devant* noblesse, we saw the grass flourish unmolested, and more than half the houses closed. It occurred to us that cannon, with grape shot, might now be fired in some of the, not four years ago, populous streets of Antwerp, with little danger

of destroying the lives of those who trod the pavement. What a contrast to the busy commerce and activity, we witnessed, little more than a week before at Rotterdam.*

THE CITADEL.

The picture of desolation and destruction which the ruins of this celebrated fortress now exhibits, is melancholy and distressing to the beholder. Every thing appears to remain much as brave old Chassé left it. The ground deeply ploughed up ; by bomb shells ; all the buildings levelled, the casements in many parts disturbed, and the tremendous breach unrepaired. There was undoubted bravery on both sides. Gerard is a brave man and a skilful commander; and he had to encounter the terrible cannonading of a formidable fortress, during a remarkably wet, and severely cold season. Chassé held out to the

* This was however the dullest part of the commercial year ; and there has been evidently, from the official returns, great improvement in the trade, and should the projected railroad to Cologne be constructed, and that to Brussels finished, the trade of Antwerp must greatly increase. See notes to The Note Book No. 5.

last hour. He consented to a capitulation, not when all the buildings were levelled, but when he had not twenty-four hours food left for his brave garrison, and not the least hope of relief from his country.

SKETCH OF BARON CHASSE.

THE insults which the Belgians showered on Chassé and his troops, as they were conveyed prisoners to Dunkirk, reflects much disgrace on the people and the magistracy. No one ever accused the 'brave Belges' of good breeding, and their conduct to Chassé resembled the spirit of savages in their bearing to fallen enemies.

Chassé, it is now evident, knew more of what was passing in Antwerp than all the authorities in the city. He had spies in all parts of the town, most of whom consisted of ladies of the first rank, among whom he has always been an especial favourite. The charming wife of one of his aids-de-camp and his own daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, resided with him, in the Citadel, during the early part of the siege: and studied all their arts to delight him. Music and conversation pleased him most.

His life has been much diversified; he was

once in the British service, and has certainly acted some not easily defended parts. He married a rich English lady, by whom he had two children. He is said frequently to have beaten her, and that she put up with flagellation on account of her offspring, until their death, when she sued for a divorce. During the process, he married, under the pretence that his first union was illegal. This step cost him 15,000 florins. He is very affable and fascinating in conversation; always fond of the society of ladies; universally courted by them; and has generally been in the habit of returning home with ladies to whom he gave suppers, leaving his wife to preside at the table.

BRUSSELS.

HAVING visited all that is considered curious, for which I refer others to the guide books; and having received from those gentlemen to whom I had introductions, all the information I could, relative to the trade and agricultural industry of the province of Antwerp, we left for Brussels and halted first at Malines, or Mechlin, sometimes named from its cleanliness, resembling somewhat the Dutch towns, *Malines la propre.* It has also had the surnames of *Bellegueuse, Heureuse, Prudente,* and *Pucelle;* the latter from never having been captured before the days of Louis XIV. It is now the metropolitan see of Belgium, although Napoleon transformed the new Archiepiscopal Palace, into a more favourite edifice—a barrack. There is still a considerable share of manufacturing industry in Malines: particularly in lace, hats, and woollens—and in the cachemere shawl factory, established by King William.

We stopped also at Vilvorde, but had not time to wait for permission to see its famous prison, in which they make the inmates labour vigorously for their food, and as a punishment. It being so near Brussels I resolved, rather than remain, to return again, in order to witness fully the regulations and general management of this correctional prison. We accordingly drove on to our destination, and after some inconvenient delay, (as customary), respecting our passport at the *port*—we entered Brussels, and put up at our old comfortable quarters, the Hôtel de l'Europe.

We remained at Brussels nearly seven weeks; during this period, the Anniversary of the Revolution of September was celebrated. It lasted a whole week, and the balls and concerts; reviews; horse-races; cross-bow shooting; *mats de cocagne*; plays gratis at the theatres; a solemn pompous funeral mass and procession; and an unsuccessful attempt to inflate and raise a large balloon, drew the thrifty Belgians, far and near, from their shops and farms, and crowded the Place Royal, Park, *Allé verte*, and race-course. The concerts, especially that in front of the church of St.

Jacques, where performers played on various instruments, were admirable; the reviews showy, but not very imposing; and the races a burlesque. The popular amusements of the people were certainly the most diverting.

There were at this time a vast assemblage of strangers in Brussels, particularly English Dukes, Lords, Knights and ladies, and ladies bright, most of them returning from the Rhine, and Switzerland. Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Trollope among others. At the Ambassadors we met Mr. Charles Grant, the American Minister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hume, Doctor Bowring, Mr. and Mrs. Senior, &c.

Our time at Brussels glided away very agreeably. The weather was generally fine—the mornings I usually devoted to writing, and arranging my statistical papers; from eleven to three or four, in visiting the schools, poor-houses, prisons, hospitals, museums, and various scientific institutions; from many of these establishments we might even in England still gain some instruction. Once or twice a week, I attended the Chamber of Deputies. In the

afternoons we lounged in the Park, or drove to the charming *Allé verte.* Occasionally we made a pic nic excursion to some of the beautiful retreats in the forest of Soignée. In this city we met several acquaintances, and I feel greatly obliged to those who introduced me to men of information relative to the country, its resources, and its people. There is a good English reading-room and library in the Place Royale. It is usually a morning lounge.

Brussels is not, however, at present, so favourite a residence, notwithstanding its cheapness of living in comparison to Paris, and the beauty of its vicinity, as it was before the revolution. The old families (patriots of course) do not yet visit the new court. Orangeism prevails, except among the class *Ouvrier* and *Boutiquier;* and with foreigners there is little confidence in the stability of political affairs, nor any reliance to be put on the police. The known disposition of the lower classes to plunder, and their brutality, on the least attempt at insurrection, has driven away the principal body of respectable English residents; and few are willing to risk settling per-

manently under these circumstances, in a to[illegible] where they might otherwise live on moderate incomes, with every comfort and many pleasures.

SKETCH OF KING LEOPOLD.

LEOPOLD'S personal appearance, although he lived so long in England, is known to very few Englishmen. I was for some time constantly in London before he became king of Belgium, and I never saw him but once—that was at the levee at St. James's. He is rather well made, stoops a little, has a dark complexion, black hair and whiskers, and wears no mustachios. His look is downcast, rather forbidding, and of all men the least calculated to become a popular leader. His manners are cold; his address ungracious; and his speech difficult, cautious, and unelegant. The appearance and demeanour of the Prince of Orange are exactly contrary.

Leopold, I have no doubt is a prince who became a king, and even married, after mature calculation. He is, however, a sovereign who

would, from his good sense, waive, and has waived high prerogatives. He allows the people to govern themselves without scarcely any interposition of the royal privilege. He would be an admirable king in a country free from the shackles of bigotry and priestly power — but Belgium has a religious, nay, an ecclesiastical aristocracy, which assumes the almost supreme authority in politics and public instruction, besides the disposal of an immense portion of the public revenue. Leopold must, therefore, either be ruled by, or rule through, the influence of the clergy, otherwise he will be a thousand times more hateful than the king of Holland.

I consider that Leopold is a prudent peace-loving sovereign; that he is fond of peace and security in what he possesses; that he is too unbending not to be honest; that if he be not popular it is no charge against his integrity, for he prevents not the people legislating for themselves; he interferes not by appointing favourites as ministers, but by following the admirable instruction of William Penn, "leave the

people to govern themselves, and they will think they govern."

This does not, however, satisfy the Belgians, and a deeply politic prince, who *apparently* left the people to govern themselves, might govern them absolutely. If King William had left them to cherish their prejudices and bigotry unnoticed, his activity with his riches in promoting profitable industry, and with the ready demand for all sorts of goods in consequence of the maritime establishments, colonies, and general commerce of Holland, he, notwithstanding the turbulence of revolutionary and desperate spirits, might have remained secured firmly, and his heirs long after him, in the Sovereignty of Belgium.

Leopold, with the best intentions in the world, labours under the greatest disadvantages. If he humours not the priests, his hold on the Belgians who support him is gone. For he has neither the business habits, the riches, nor the power of creating an extensive demand for the agricultural produce, and the fabrics of the country, possessed by William. England requires little or nothing except grain, (which the corn laws virtually pro-

hibit) and two raw *materials*, *flax* and wool, from Belgium. The flax and wool *under William*, was far from sufficient for the manufactures *of* the country. France prohibits, or nearly so, by her tariff, the admission of Belgian fabrics; and as for the other continental powers the alliance is altogether on the side of Holland. Bigotted, superstitious, and ignorant, as the great majority are, no people are more industrious, and none whose worship MAMMON divides more with GOD. Under these circumstances, Leopold's popularity is chimerical, and the stability of his throne *appears to me to depend altogether* on Louis Philippe and his family remaining secure on that of France.

BELGIAN CHARACTER.

THERE is great diversity in the Belgian character. The cunning Walloons, the impetuous Liegeois, and the refractory Louvinois are as distinct in their tempers and manners from the Flemings, as the people of any two countries can be. All the Belgians are an industrious, money-making bigotted, cleanly, race. The Flemings are, however, the most thrifty, cleanly, and at the same time the most bigotted of all the Catholics that I know. How, therefore, does it happen that the Rhenish Catholics, the Irish Catholics, the Sardinian Catholics, and the Catholics of Portugal and of Spain, south of the Ebro, are poverty-smitten, dirty in their habits, and wretched in their appearance; while those professing the same faith in Belgium, in Canada, in Biscay, and Navarra, and in Austria Proper, are all found in comfortable circumstances? I believe the full examination of this inquiry would

lead to the conclusion that religion has had little to do with the question; and that the spirit either of the great or little governments under which the people live, and the means of "useful instruction" possessed by the inhabitants, form the true cause of prosperity or wretchedness in all countries possessing fair natural advantages.

Although the Belgians are far from being an enlightened population, that knowledge which is useful in agriculture,* in manufactures, and in the accumulation of wealth, is pretty generally diffused; and it must not be forgotten that, previous to their subjection to the Spaniards, they were, both as cultivators of the soil, and as manufacturers, the most ingenious people in Europe.

The spirit of industry and thrift which prevailed, and the wealth accumulated at that period, were not exhausted during the various changes of government; and a very grateful soil, and an abundance of very useful minerals, have, with their hereditary habits, to which they are as fanatically attached as to every point of

* See Notes to the Note Book, No. 6.

their creed, all combined to uphold them in a state of continued opulence, which distinguishes them so pleasingly in their neat dwellings, in their trim gardens, and in their personal cleanliness, from the people of the adjoining parts of Prussia, and of all the frontier, excepting the Flemish, districts of France.

They are somewhat more garrulous than the Dutch, and not so much addicted to dram drinking, nor to smoking; they are far from being so intelligent, and not even so well bred; but with the exception of the rabble in Brussels, and it is said the Walloons, the Belgians are honest in fulfilling engagements, and true to their word.

There appears little more hospitality among them than in Holland, and the low bourgeois of Brussels have the vices of the worst of the French without one particle of the politeness of the latter, and in case of insurrection they are exhibit the most reckless disposition to plunder.

In religion the mass of the people are more intolerant than in Spain, and the priests exceedingly severe in enforcing a strict observance of all the most trifling forms of the church, on pain

of being deprived of the benefits of the sacraments, and especially of burial in consecrated ground.*

The priests leave no efforts untried to keep the people in spiritual bondage. This and not the religion, far from it, do I consider the paramount evil in Belgium; for in Canada, as an example, where the Catholic clergy have no political influence or power, a more praiseworthy class of pastors does not exist.

Schools of useful instruction in which the priests should have no predominating direction, and the masters of which should be prepared in normal seminaries, would do more to liberalize the Belgians than any other policy.

In their amusements they are nearly as awkward as the Dutch; but the Belgians, in the provinces where French is spoken, which includes nearly half the population, many of the customs and sports of France are common, and the people resort generally to *guingettes*, and ca-

* Two instances of the refusal of Christian burial occurred when we were at Brussels, on the charge of the deceased having omitted confession at the previous Easter.

barets, to drink beer, to dance, and to smoke. At their *fairs*, and fêtes, dancing, riding on swing-abouts, shooting with the cross bow, and *Mats de Cocagne*, are common indulgences and sports. In winter, driving over the snow in sledges and skating are favourite amusements. Excepting in Brussels, they do not appear to be, like the French, a theatre-loving people.

In their domestic relations both the upper and lower classes seem to be affectionate and much attached to each other. In a word, with more tolerance towards people who worship God in a different *form*—*with* more amenity of manners, and with more intelligence, the Belgians with their thrifty, and generally speaking, virtuous habits, would form as admirable, and at the same time as substantial a population as that of any country in Europe.

END OF VOL. I.

THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

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